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This book was produced by the yearbook staff
under the direction of the student body and
Administration of the

Church College
of
New Zealand

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89552



First build a fort to protect
yourselves,
let a sufficient number of rooms
be provided for schools,
seek out and supply the best
teachers,
give every child among you
the opportunity of continuing
his education:
encourage them constantly to
understand the world that they
are in,
and to what use to make of their
existence...
... establish this place...
a place of refuge,
a centre from which radiates
the message of truth,
a place of true worship,
education
and service;
this is the place...

Brigham Young





"a centre from which radiates the message of truth..."



A drip drops
To deeply penetrate the passionate earth
To suffer the pleasurable pains from above
For soon juices will run
And relief will come.

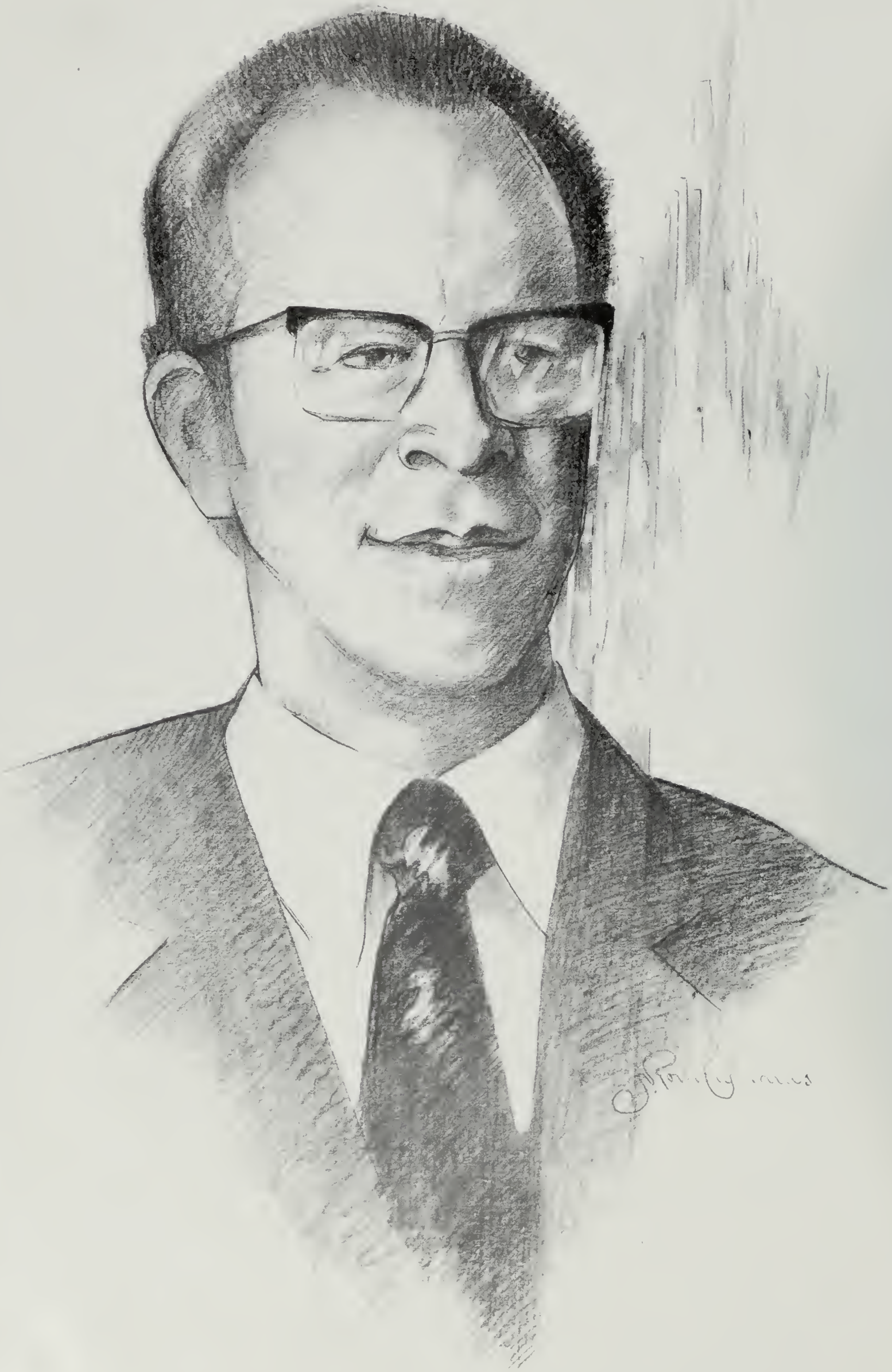
To cascade deep down
To the valley floor
Twin mountains rise then fall
Accompanied by the Hurricanes call
Natures sensuous act never seen before
To satisfy the lustful earth.

James K. Baxter


Encourage understanding . . .


CHURCH
COLLEGE OF
NEW ZEALAND


This is the place . . .



YEARBOOK MESSAGE 1975

Recently I informed a parent that her daughter was on the Academic Probation List due to failing grades in two subjects. The parents wrote back to say that they were very pleased with the spiritual development their daughter was achieving here at Church College and that spiritual development was the primary purpose for sending her here to the College. I was very pleased to hear of the spiritual growth that has been taking place but hastened to notify the parents that there is no reason whatever why their daughter should not develop academically at the same time as she is achieving such spiritual growth. These are two characteristics which do not have to be developed at the expense of each other. Perfection should be the goal of every member of the Church because the Lord said to us: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

It is a fact that some qualities cannot be perfected at the same time. An example would be that it would be difficult for a man to perfect his family relationship at the same time that he was perfecting his ability to play golf and still carry on another occupation. There is just not enough time for such qualities to develop simultaneously. This is not the case, however, with academic pursuits and spiritual growth. Each one of us should be trying our level best to get the top grades of which we are capable in each subject, at the same time developing the characteristics of honour, integrity and spirituality which are so desirable for members of the Church.

My family and I have been extremely blessed while we have been in Temple View at the Church College. Our love and memories of this great institution will always be with us. We will think of you and pray for you wherever we are. I leave you my testimony in the name of Jesus Christ that the Church is true and that God lives.

Larry R. Oler





MISSION:

Mosiah 2:17 And behold I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom: that ye may learn that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God.



MARRIAGE:

Moses 1:39 For behold this is my work and my glory – to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.



'Choose ye the best leaders . . ."



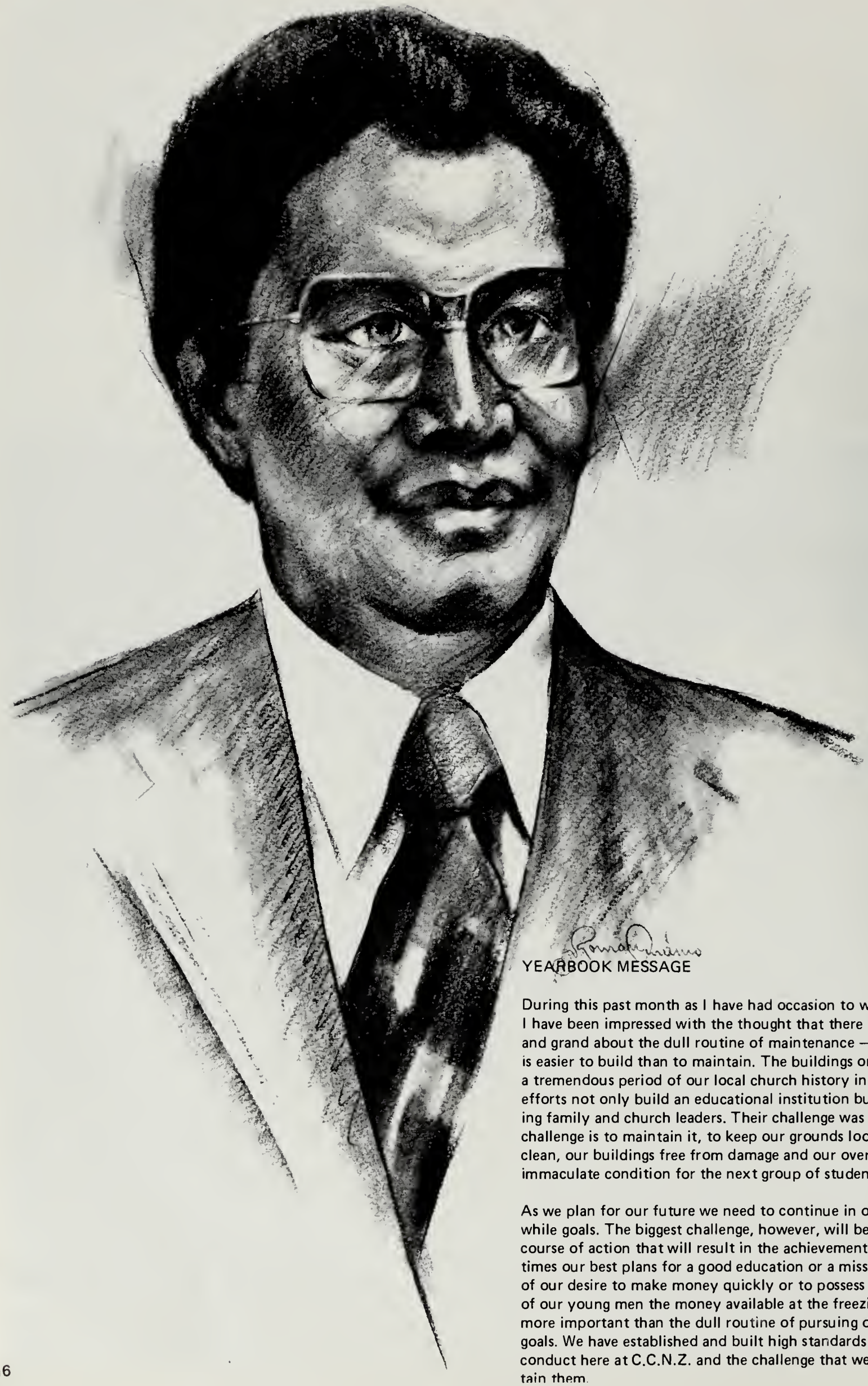
– A smile a day; just my kind of smile –

"The OLERS"

RESUME

Larry R. Oler was born and reared in Alberta Province, Canada. He completed elementary and secondary schools there then attended the Idaho State University, Potacello, Idaho, for one year. He served two years with the U.S. Army and spent two years in Samoa as a Missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He completed a baccalaureate degree at the Brigham Young University and a Master of Science Education degree at the University of Utah. Following the completion of his M.S. Ed. degree, he was appointed by the Church to teach school in Western Samoa. He and his family spent three years there while he taught at The Church College of Western Samoa. Following the completion of that appointment, Mr Oler taught school in the United States in the States of Washington and California and was then called by the Church to come to New Zealand in 1963 to teach at the Church College of New Zealand. He was selected to be the Vice-Principal in 1967, which position he held until June of 1970 at which time he returned to the United States for a year of graduate study leading to a doctoral degree. He returned to New Zealand in June of 1971 as Principal of the College. He and his wife (Pat) have eight lovely children.





YEARBOOK MESSAGE

During this past month as I have had occasion to walk around our campus I have been impressed with the thought that there is something magnificent and grand about the dull routine of maintenance – that in many respects it is easier to build than to maintain. The buildings on the campus symbolise a tremendous period of our local church history in which the labour missionary efforts not only build an educational institution but also developed outstanding family and church leaders. Their challenge was to build a school. Our challenge is to maintain it, to keep our grounds looking spotless, our halls clean, our buildings free from damage and our overall school plant left in immaculate condition for the next group of students to enjoy.

As we plan for our future we need to continue in our efforts to build worthwhile goals. The biggest challenge, however, will be to maintain a steady course of action that will result in the achievement of those goals. Many times our best plans for a good education or a mission get bypassed because of our desire to make money quickly or to possess material things. For many of our young men the money available at the freezing works suddenly becomes more important than the dull routine of pursuing our academic and spiritual goals. We have established and built high standards of behaviour and conduct here at C.C.N.Z. and the challenge that we are left with is to maintain them.



In our spiritual lives we have each built testimonies to varying degrees of strength . . . that, as I believe, is the easiest part of the process. The difficult part comes when we must maintain our testimnoies throughout life. The energy that goes into the maintenance of things in good repair day in and day out is the energy of true vigour.

It has been said that it is easier to win our freedom, to subdue a continent and to build a nation than it is now to maintain that freedom and to live peaceably with ourselves. In Matthew 10:22 it states that "he that endureth to the end shall be saved". That, then, is our challenge, to pursue to the end our hopes and dreams and aspirations, and not be discouraged by momentary encounters of defeat, discouragement and outright failure . . . to always keep a fine spirit, to come up smiling and to bear the losses with equanimity and poise and faith, that is the test of a true man.

Dr Barney Wihongi
Principal.



ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL: Laurie Anderson. Brian Palmer. Robert P.M. Rangiaia, Elaine Bush. Raymond Ritchie. Raymond Park. Micheale McGreggor. Ronald Davidson. Barney Wihongi. Taylor Tarawhiti.









Vice Principal Bro. Rangiuaia



E te rangatahi o te Kura karakia o Niu Tireni, Tena ra Koutou.

Ka nui ta-matou aroha ki a koutou. He mihi tenei,

mo nga manaakitanga maha o koutou ki a matou

Kia Ora.



With the dedicated assistance of our secretary, Kaiserina Harris and advisors, Brothers Smith and Francom representing the school and Brother Davison representing the Stake, the student body Presidency has this year endeavoured to represent the needs of the studentbody well. Although at times we may have fallen short of your expectations, we feel satisfied that 1975 has been a good year, which has been enjoyed fully by all those prepared to return as much to the college as they have taken from it.

As students of this great college, we must feel privileged to attend such an institution. It has given all of us a great deal and in return for what it has given us we should all be prepared to serve the Lord. As we leave Church College and return to our home Wards and Branches, let us endeavour to strengthen them by applying the principles which we have learnt in our years at CCNZ.

It is our great desire to see the young men to go out of CCNZ and prepare themselves for and serve missions for the Lord, and for the young ladies to honour and sustain the priesthood which the young men hold, and to do all that they may, to see that the young men are able to fulfill this great commandment and service to the Lord. It is by this, the long term growth of this year's studentbody that we will eventually be able to judge the success achieved in 1975 at the Church College of New Zealand.

We sincerely hope that you will remember the college with pride, and we wish you all the best in your future endeavours. Remember always that it is greater to be trusted than to be liked by your fellow men. May our Heavenly Father bless you in all the honest endeavours you make.

Michelle MacGregor Brian Palmer

Student Body Presidency









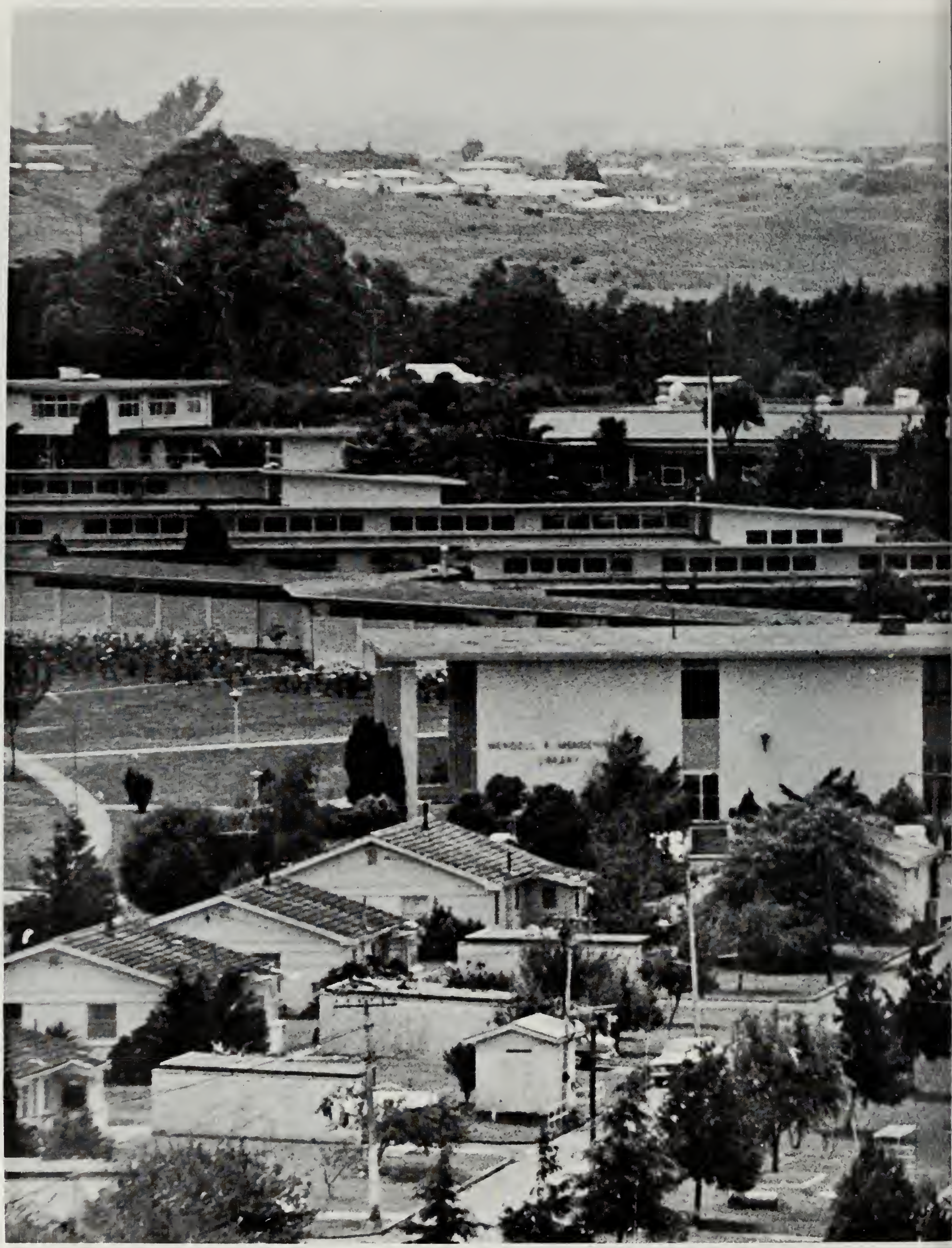
Prefects ...

The cry of 'I care' from the prefects has sounded through't the course of the year. It is one of concern and love for fellow students not of hatred and peer prestige.

This is what we are told, but sometimes we would like to provide a stimulating impulse from the starboard hoof to the uttermost ramification of the human anatomy (boot ya butt), because some of you dodo's are hoodwinking into thinking that a prefect is a campus cop.

Tricia.







FACULTY



NAME: Laurie Andersen

WIFE'S NAME: Carol Lyn

CHILDREN:
Robyn 15
Shane 7
Lance 5
Lisa 4
Cody 2
Jared 2
Laurie 1

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc., M.Ed., at B.Y.U.

My childhood hero is Elvis.



NAME: Ted Anderson

WIFE'S NAME: Anne

CHILDREN:
Jonna 5
Aaron 3
Keita 1

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc., M.Sc.

Hone Heke was my hero.



NAME: Gordon T. Bailey

WIFE'S NAME: Jayne

CHILDREN: Deonne 1½

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A., Dip. Ed.

Anyone with short hair must rank as my hero.

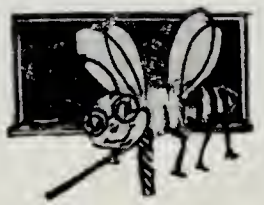


NAME: John Bailey

WIFE'S NAME: Lorretta

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc.

My childhood hero was Zorro.



NAME: Jeanette Beasley

HUSBAND'S NAME: Philip

QUALIFICATIONS: Assoc. Business, Bachelor of Science, 10 years' field experience in business offices.

Sean Connery was the greatest in '35.





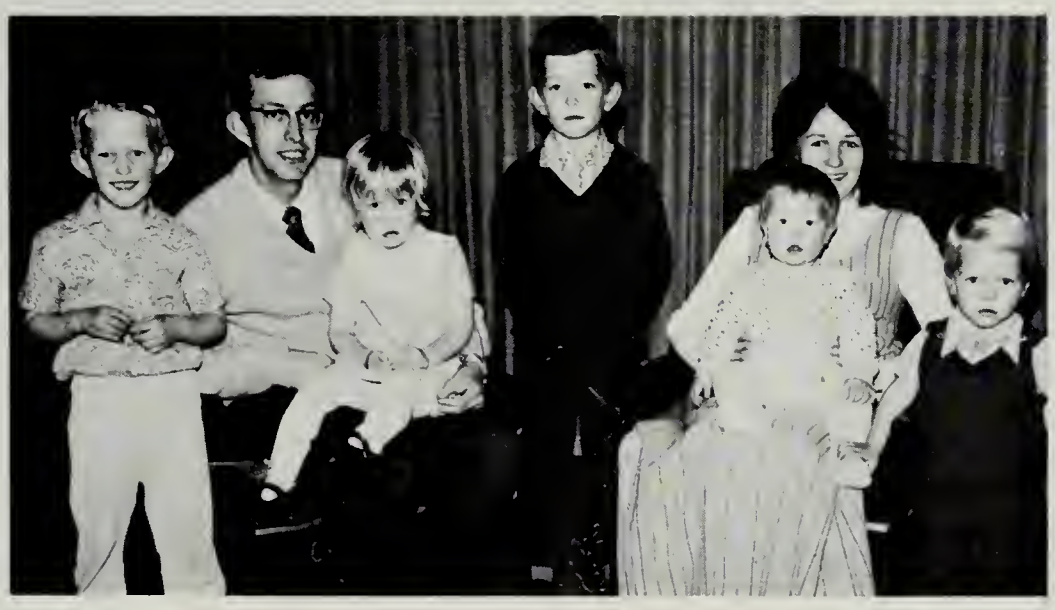
NAME: Eugene Crismon

WIFE'S NAME: Moana

CHILDREN: Kevin 3½
Charles 2

QUALIFICATIONS: Mighty

Porky Pig was so much like the real me — he understood.!



NAME: Ronald B. Davison

WIFE'S NAME: Wendy

CHILDREN: Lauren 6
Carlton 5
Karelle 4
Eldon 2
Craig 1

QUALIFICATIONS: B.S.

Wendy and I used to go to school together — I always admired her high cheeks.

NAME: Alfred Sterling Francom

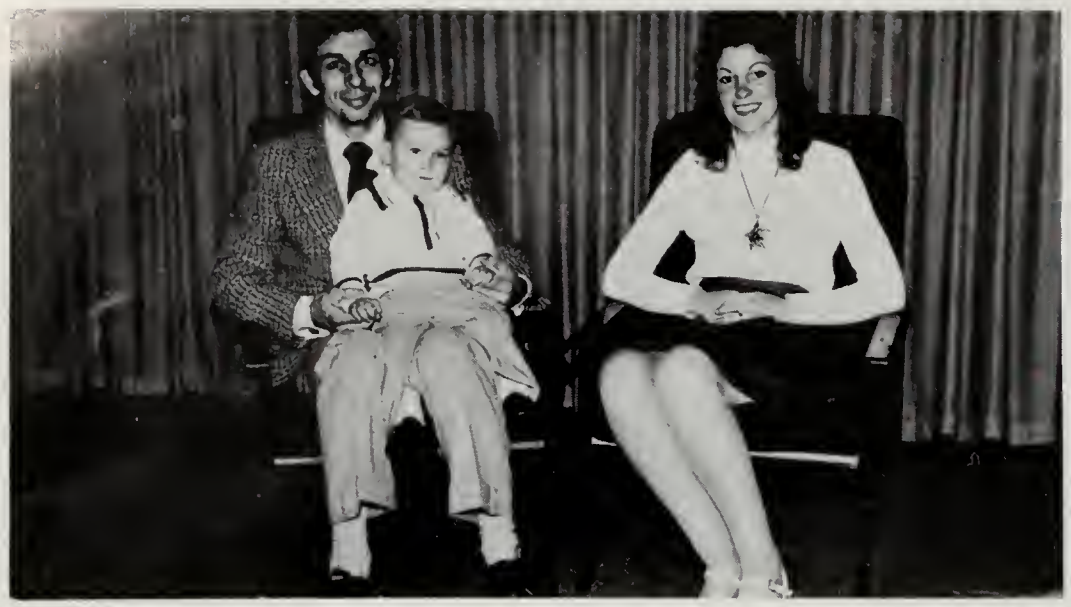
WIFE'S NAME: Matha Laree

CHILDREN: Jamie Lynn 5
Wade Sterling 3
Brandon Todd 1

QUALIFICATIONS: B.S., M. in Geography, University of Utah.

I patterned my life after the Lone Ranger.





NAME: W. Philip Hague

WIFE'S NAME: Kerin

CHILDREN: Philip Hague 16 months

QUALIFICATIONS: Efficiency and Organisation
B.A. (Canterbury)

My childhood hero was Dr Schweitzer



DOLORES HALL



NAME: Lamia Hooper (Lois Lane)

HUSBAND'S NAME: No Man

CHILDREN: No One
Someone
Anyone

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A., M.L.Sc. (Who needs them)

My childhood hero was my father (Superman)



NAME: Raymond Jay Hamblin

WIFE'S NAME: Maxine C.

CHILDREN: Karie Ann 12
Jaclynne 11
Lisa Aroha 8
Michael Jay 6
Matthew Raymond 7 months

QUALIFICATIONS: B.S., M.S., (Math, Physics & Statistics)

My Dad will always be tops in my books.



NAME: Kell Harris Jr.

WIFE'S NAME: Charlene

CHILDREN: Vanya Stacey 9
Dwayne Jay 8
Brett Karl 6
Reuben Keawe 3 months

QUALIFICATIONS: N.Z. 'C' Certificate B.A. English
M.A. English

The Black Alls were definitely my heroes.



NAME: Garry Lionel Howard

WIFE'S NAME: Verity Anne

CHILDREN: Clayton Garry 5
Winston John 3

QUALIFICATIONS: N.Z. Cert. of Engineering
Trade Certificate (Auto Eng.)

Gee Superman was so cool!



NAME: Brian W. Hunt

WIFE'S NAME: Ann

CHILDREN: David 4
Michael 3
Katherine 9 months

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A., M.A. (English)

My childhood hero is Scroog McDuck.



NAME: Rolly Josephs

WIFE'S NAME: Goldie

QUALIFICATIONS: Something from Hawaii, second year third form certificate.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Archimedies.



NAME: Lloyd Keung

WIFE'S NAME: Lynette

CHILDREN: Manu-Kiwa 4
Jason Miles 3
Maile Marie 1½

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc.

My childhood hero was Batman.

NAME: Hemi Kingi

WIFE'S NAME: Miriama

CHILDREN: Tahi 18
Ricky 16
Penni 15
Martin 12

QUALIFICATIONS: Teacher's Certificate,
Maori STudies (Massey University)

My childhood heroes were Pork bones, Puha, Batman, Griesies, Goldilocks and John Burns Smith.





NAME: Joe Liddell

WIFE'S NAME: Eloise

CHILDREN: John 4
Carrie 2
Jess 1

QUALIFICATIONS: Three

My school pals used to always call me Joe 'Wayne' Liddell because John was my hero.



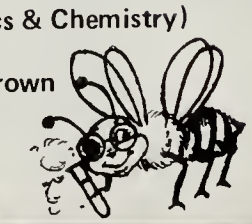
NAME: James A. Marvin

WIFE'S NAME: Lorna Rae (Pike)

CHILDREN: Mark Allen 10
Andrew Thad 7
Heidi Marie 5
Kelleen Ann 2
Jared James 10 months
Tabitha Suzanne 10 months

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A. (Math, Physics & Chemistry)

Love of Life and its challenges. Hugh B. Brown has always been my hero.





NAME: Donald Mason

WIFE'S NAME: Rebe

CHILDREN:
Anne 22
Donald 21
Joan 19
Patricia 17
David 16
Ruth 14
Hugh 13

QUALIFICATIONS: Advanced Trade Certificate in Carpentry.

My childhood hero was Matthew Cowley. A man to be respected always.



NAME: Harete Mason

HUSBAND'S NAME: Laurence Frank (Witehira) Mason

CHILDREN: Brian Laurence 6

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc.

My childhood whim was Dracula.



NAME: Barry Mitchell

WIFE'S NAME: Denise Lei Mitchell

CHILDREN: Lary Lee 15 months

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc. in Biology

My childhood thing was Minor Organic Chem.
Tram drivers have always given me a thrill.



NAME: Yvonne Aroha Mitchell

HUSBAND'S NAME: Gustavous Windsor

CHILDREN:
Gertrude 29
Egbert 28
Frederick 27
Agatha 2

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc., M.Ed., 2nd Teachers' Certificate.

Kubla Khan and Mao Soe have been equal on my list as heroes.



NAME: Kenneth W. Murfitt

WIFE'S NAME: Lorna Joan

CHILDREN:
Gillene 10
John 8
James 7
Jerelyn 6

QUALIFICATIONS:
5 years Seminary teaching
5 years Institute teaching

Well my childhood hero? Buck Jones or Flash Gordon. I can't remember which — it was a very long time ago!



NAME: John James Murphy

WIFE'S NAME: Rosaline Nita

CHILDREN:
Christopher John 23
David Neil 20
James Philip 17
Robert Ian 15
Fredda Keriata 12

QUALIFICATIONS: L.T.C.L., L.R.S.M.

My Childhood hero was Charlie Chaplin. He reminds me so much of my Uncle Jim.



NAME: Buck Nin

WIFE'S NAME: Carol

CHILDREN:
Daymon 7
Errin 5
Pania 3
Daniel 1

QUALIFICATIONS: B.F.A., Dip. F.A.

Because of my marvellously muscaline physique — Atom Ant has always been my favourite hero.



NAME: Victory Ormsby

WIFE'S NAME: Susan Carole

CHILDREN: Alicia Kulani

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A. M. Ed.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Charlton Heston



NAME: Farina (legs) McCarthy

HUSBAND'S NAME: Non Availability

CHILDREN: (A few here and there)

QUALIFICATIONS: Returned Missionary and still unattached.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Winnie the Poo. . . . . .



NAME: **Betty R. Paerata**

QUALIFICATIONS: **B.Sc., Home Economics Teachers' Certificate.**

My childhood hero was the Mysterious Phantom and the Exceiting Flash Gordon.

Sigh!! I'll never get over the Mysterious Phantom and the Exceiting Flash Gordon.

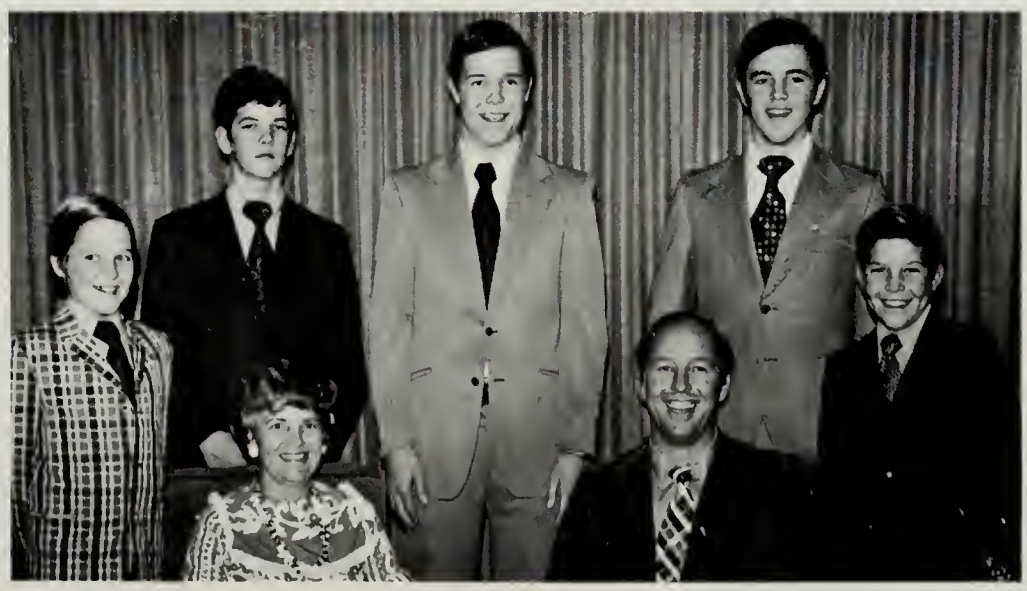


NAME: Robert W. Perriton

WIFE'S NAME: Jocelyn

CHILDREN: Deonne 8
Gynene 6
Renee 4
Sasha 2

QUALIFICATIONS: A.Sc., B.Sc., M.A.



NAME: **Ronald Prows**

WIFE'S NAME: **Elaine**

CHILDREN: **Paul 20**
Tracey 18
Annett 17
Kent 16
Reed 14
David 11
Keith 10

QUALIFICATION: B.S., M.S.,
16 years at hard labour.

My childhood hero was Tarzan!!!!! aaaaaaaaaaah!



NAME: John Ramsden

WIFE'S NAME: Jacqueline Alma Ramsden

CHILDREN:
Daryl Hather 14
Maree Jennifer 12
Brent Todd 6
Joanne Kimberley 3
Scott Robert John 2

QUALIFICATIONS: A Grade Mechanic M.I.N.Z.M.I.

I've always had a crush on Shirley Temples' dimples.

NAME: Robert P. Mackey Rangiuaia.

WIFE'S NAME: June I.

CHILDRENS NAMES:
David
Fiona
Ruth

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A. Med. (C.C.H. Uni of Hawaii). Besides, my bark is worse than my bite . . . even though I have a gruesome snarl, I also have quite a neat smile.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Besides my dad, my mirror was about my closest companion.





NAME: Leslie Rose

WIFE'S NAME: Shirley F.

CHILDREN:
Lesley Gilbert Neil 18
Andrew 15
Shane 12
Michael 11
Lesley 4

QUALIFICATIONS: I can swim

CHILDHOOD HERO: Flipper



NAME: Hani Smiler

NAME: Hani Smiler

WIFE'S NAME: Lena

CHILDREN: Taulonu Donald

QUALIFICATIONS: M.A. BYUHC

CHILDHOOD HERO: Te Rauparaaha????

NAME: Ngati Smith

WIFE'S NAME: Tweetie Luana

CHILDREN: Ross Keola

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Bro. Tom Means (Basketball coach)



NAME: Wayne C. Smith

WIFE'S NAME: Sondra May Smith

CHILDREN: Chelay 8
Melanie 6
Justin 5
Garrett 4

QUALIFICATIONS:

My Childhood hero was Zorro!



NAME: Kenneth James Strother

WIFE'S NAME: Naomi

CHILDRENS NAMES: Riki
Karl
Jasmine

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc.

CHILDHOOD HERO: Mother McCreddie — Her oven baked beans were gassers!



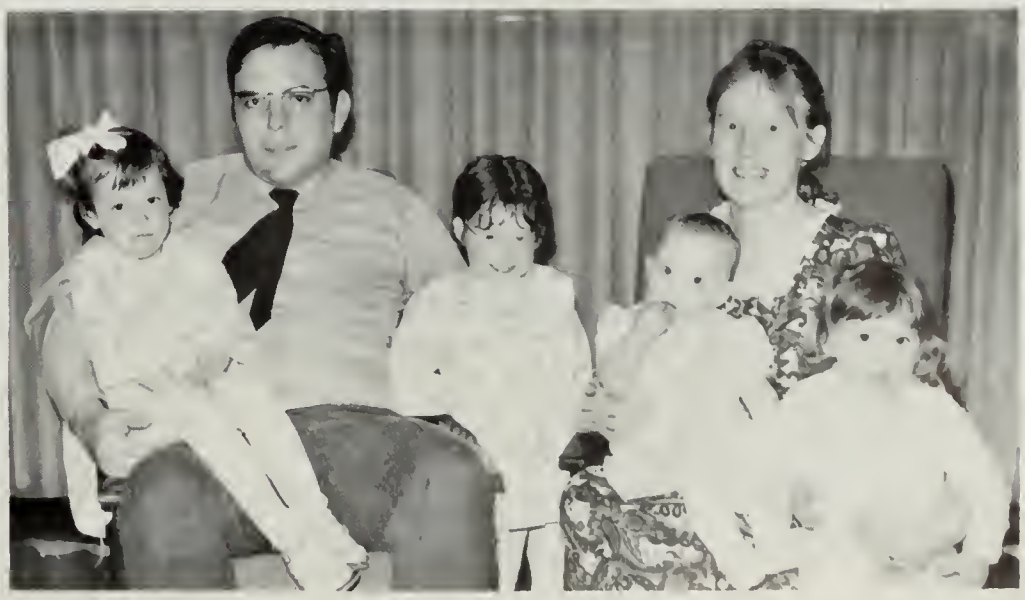
NAME: David Ray Sturt

WIFE'S NAME: Diane Elizabeth

CHILDREN: Linnea 4
Deborah 3
Yolanda 2
Rebekah 6 months

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A., C.C.H., M.A. Rile Uni.

My childhood hero was Attila the Hun (A highly under-rated expert on education theory).





NAME: Watene W. Tukukino

WIFE'S NAME: Hana

CHILDREN:
Gwenette 14
Riki 13
Kreig 12
Kerry 11
Melani 7

QUALIFICATIONS: B.A., Dip. Soc. Sc.,

My childhood whim was my wife (She reminds me of Bette Davis)



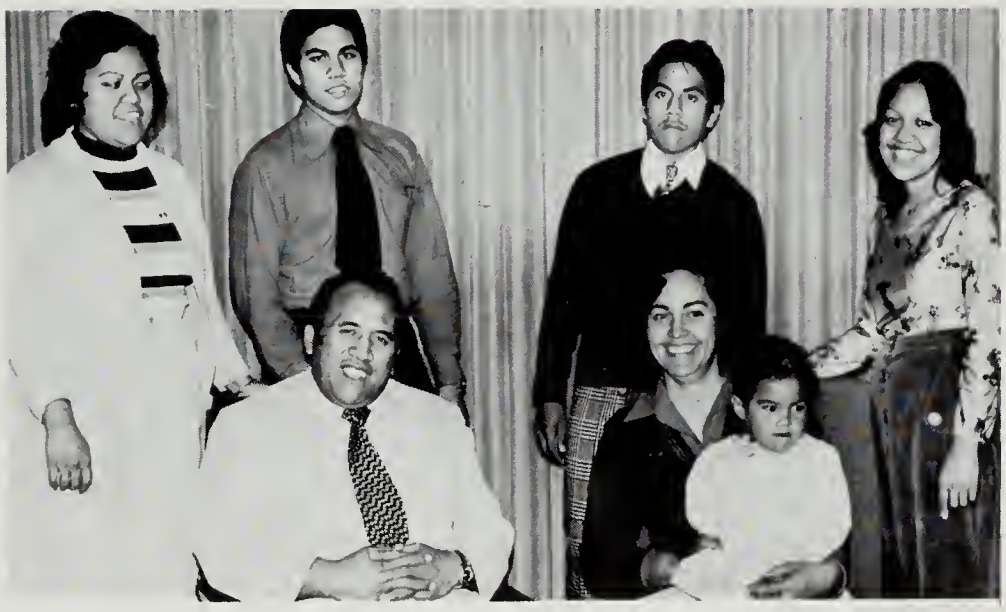
NAME: Walter Walmsley

WIFE'S NAME: Norma

CHILDREN:
Sylvia 18
Kathleen 16
Michael 14

QUALIFICATIONS: High Trades Certificate

My childhood hero was Everybody.



NAME: Maui Pomare Whaanga

WIFE'S NAME: Moana

CHILDREN:
Moana 18
Moerangi 17
Mark 14
Mel 13
Mia 3

QUALIFICATIONS: B.Sc., Dip. Ed., C. Certificate

Taught the Gospel by an ardent Grandmother who had a firm grip on both ears!!!!

Seek out and provide the best teachers..









Strike Again Pink Panther..

Say a few words about Bro. Oler? Why I'd be delighted. What a pleasure and an honour it is to be asked by you Yearbook people to do this. I never dreamed I'd have the opportunity to express the deep feelings I have. I've always admired Bro. Oler . . . . his integrity . . . . his sense of honour . . . . his concern for justice and fair-play. And the more I observed and admired these splendid qualities in him the more I realised how alike we were. In him I saw reflected my own love of honour, dignity and decency. Many times my friends would praise him to me and I knew, with that sure, sensitive discernment with which few are gifted, that they were, in their own shy way, really letting me know how they felt about ME. Everyone knows that I place the dignity of the soul above everything else. Call me a fool if you like . . . . *Pardon? Sorry, I thought I heard something* . . . . . but that's the way I am. And that's the way that Bro. Oler is too. I feel I can say, without any hesitation whatsoever, that he has always been to me a constant . . . . no, constant is not the word, it's more than that . . . . an ever-abundant . . . . source. Putting it perhaps another way . . . . he has never hesitated AT ANY TIME and you only have to look around you to see that. But that's not all. So much . . . . much more . . . . can be said . . . . *What's that? You want it kept to 50 words or less? Certainly, that won't be any trouble at all.* I personally have always admired the concise thought . . . . the well-turned phrase . . the nut out of its shell . . . . I mean it's possible to put a whole life's philosophy into one sentence if you want to . . . . and, in all modesty, I . . . . *What? You've run out of space already? For crying out loud! Why don't you Yearbook people plan things better??! I mean if I'm asked to say a few words then I DEMAND my right to say them!* As I was TRYING to say . . . . Bro. Oler has always been the first . . . . well perhaps that's not strictly accurate . . . . not the first, but certainly not the last . . . . why I can remember . . . . *Do you mind! Must I be rudely interrupted all the time? Makes me sore as a boil when people act ignorantly like that!* As I was saying . . . . I'll never forget the day when he spoke to that elite volunteer band of lads dedicated to cleaning out the drains . . . . and he turned back to them . . . . fixed them with the full power of his personality and with words which revealed the total essence of his inner self and which I'll never, ever forget, said . . . . *WHAT TWIT SAID THAT?? You Yearbook people have gone too far this time . . . . now I'm madder than a stepped on rattler . . . . And don't tell me to remember my dignity . . . . I couldn't care less about that stupid rubbish . . . . if you're so worried about space why don't you take out some of those useless faculty photographs . . . . . and don't you DARE cut me off while I'm talking to you . . . . I've got some things to say to you lot and you better*









We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

T. & G. Bird

THE UNICOM

Each day as I look up at the towering
White unicom on the hill, with its
head held high and its gleaming
white flanks reflecting each sun's ray.

And as I look I can see its wide
sitting majestically, silent yet invisible.

And I pray that one day, I too
Will be able to sit there.

Lance Watene.

A Peculiar People...







FACULTY

For the '75 season, Church College fielded a strong teaching team. The forwards were to make use of the obvious weight advantage and soften up the students by sending 'Nifty Nin' and 'Sturt the Streak' through fast and wide (very wide). They'd then turn the ball back to the half, 'Hap-Hazard Hague' and onto their quick lightweighted backs. Here they leaned heavily on 'Agile Andersen'.

The team had trained hard and thought themselves equal to the task of turning an uneducated rabble of college kids into an educated rabble of college kids.

The game of 'Preparing Pupils' began. Tempers sometimes flared and names were taken, but the game settled down as the teachers began using tutorial tactics.

At half time both teams were saddened to see four great faculty members leave the field. 'Magnificent Marvin', 'Humdrome Hamblin', 'Bull Bailey' and 'Acrobatic Andersen'. The replacements were however, first class and the teaching team continued to function.

The game was hard and competitive. At full time scores were high and both teams winners. From a winning student body, thank you 'Fantastic Faculty Champs', we dedicate these pages to you.

Ian Main



"... of continuing his education..."



ACADEMICS



DUX:
Robert Simpson



DAVID O. McKAY AWARD:
Peter Ball

Awards

TOP ACADEMIC AWARDS:

Anthony Sims	Form 3
Michael Walmsley	Form 4
Alma Wilson	Form 5
Verne Smith	Form 6

CITIZENSHIP & SERVICE AWARDS:

Valerie Rouse	3rd Form Girl
Brett Shepherd	3rd Form Boy
Dawn Sledge	4th Form Girl
Michael Walmsley	4th Form Boy
Donna Hay	5th Form Girl
Manuera Riwai	5th Form Boy
Pamela Going	6th Form Girl
Patrick Ormond	6th Form Boy
Michelle McGregor	7th Form Girl
Robert Simpson	7th Form Boy

PREFECTS' CUP:

Peter Ball

OUTSTANDING STUDENT SERVICE AWARDS:

Gaylene Ormsby & Michelle McGregor	Girl
Brian Palmer	Boy

FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT:

Arapata Meha	Ella Hall Memorial Trophy (piano)
Arapata Meha	Top 7th Form Music Student
No Award	Top 6th Form Music Student
No Award	Top 5th Form Music Student
No Award	Top 6th Form Drama Student
Elizabeth Green	Top 5th Form Drama Student
Jai Peace	Top Art Student

SOCIAL STUDIES DEPARTMENT:

Gary Barker	Outstanding Social Studies Student
Gary Barker	7th Form Geography
Arthur Neale	6th Form Geography
Trudy Aston	5th Form Geography
Robert Simpson	7th Form History
Don Smiler	6th Form History
Robert Murphy	5th Form History
Michael Walsmley	4th Form Social Studies
	3rd Form Social Studies

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT:

Tom Stonely	Outstanding Science Student
Trudy Aston	Top 5th Form Biology Student
Verne Smith	Top 6th Form Biology Student
Pat Mason	Top 7th Form Biology Student
Alma Wilson	Top 5th Form Chemistry Student
Verne Smith	Top 6th Form Chemistry Student
Brian Palmer	Top 7th Form Biology Student
Alma Wilson	Top 5th Form Physics Student
Verne Smith	Top 6th Form Physics Student
Tom Brons	Top 7th Form Physics Student

MATHS DEPARTMENT:

Robert Simpson	Outstanding Maths Student
Brett Shephard	Top 3rd Form Maths Student
Michael Walsmley	Top 4th Form Maths Student
Alma Wilson	Top 5th Form Maths Student
Christian Van den Boach	Top 6th Form Maths Student
Robert Simpson	Top 7th Form Maths Student
Robert Simpson	Top 7th Form Applied Maths Student
Robert Simpson	Top Economics Student

HOME SCIENCE:

Sharon Harris	Top Student in Form and Dept.
Ruth Mason	Top 4th Form Home Science
Heather Cahoon	Top 3rd Form Home Science

TRADES DEPARTMENT:

Cary Krielen	Outstanding Trades Certificate
Christian Van den Boach	Outstanding Technical Drawing for 6th Form
Paul Sutton	Top Technical Drawing
Daryl Bedford	Top Engineering
Carey Krielen	Top Woodwork
Paul Sutton	Top 5th Form Technical Drawing
Michael Walmsley	Top 4th Form Technical Drawing
Martinus Hartog	Top 3rd Form Technical Drawing
Carey Krielen	Top 5th Form Woodwork
No Award	Top 4th Form Woodwork
Stewart Webb	Top 3rd Form Woodwork
Karen Alexandra	Top 5th Form Crafts
David Judd	Top 4th Form Crafts
Tina Brons	Top 3rd Form Crafts
Daryl Bedford	Top 5th Form Metalwork
John Higgins	Top 4th Form Metalwork
Eldon Paki	Top 3rd Form Metalwork

LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT:

Pauline Gillespie	Creative Writing Award of the Year
Joanne Peters	Language Award of the Year
Brian Palmer	Top 7th Form English Student
Jeannette Gillespie & Christian Van den Boach	Top 6th Form English Student
Kathy Daysh	Top 5th Form English Student
Michael Walmsley & Dawn Sledge	Top 4th Form English Student
Vicki Lee Hemi	Top 3rd Form Student
Apapata Meha	Top 7th Form French Student (Special Award)
Diana McLaughlan	Top 6th Form French Student
Gunnella Calden	Top 5th Form French Student
Pam Rata	Top 6th Form Maori Language Student
James Kaka	Top 5th Form Maori Language Student
Frank Hippolite	Top 4th Form Maori Language Student
Greg Marshall	Top 3rd Form Maori Language Student

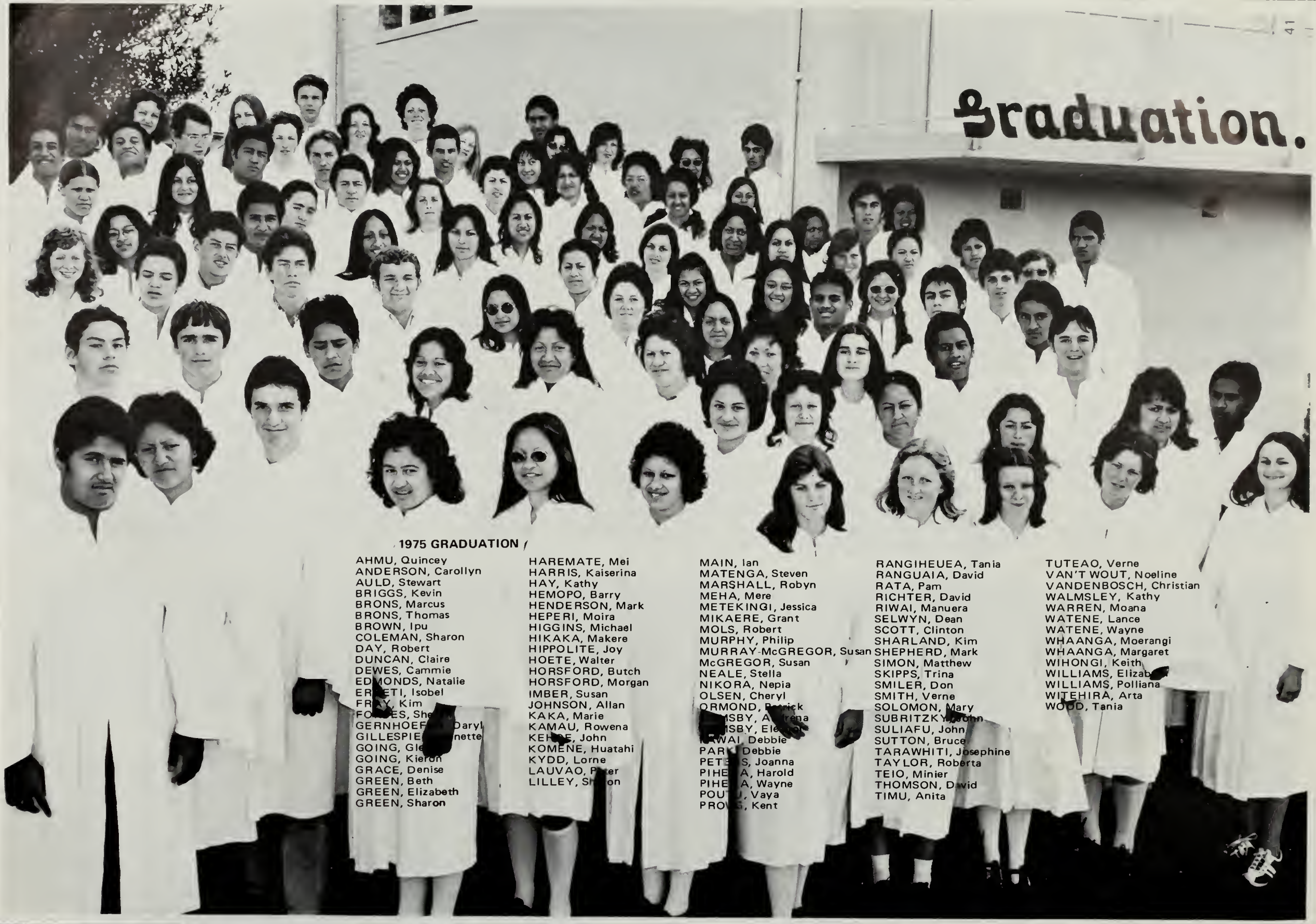
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT:

Kaiserina Harris	Departmental Award
Jimmy Kaka	Top 4th Form Bookkeeping Student
Castle Boon	Top 5th Form Bookkeeping Student
Ian Main	Top 6th Form Accounting Student
Robert Simpson	Top 7th Form Accounting Student
Anita Timu	Top Business Course Student
Sharon Green	Top Advanced Shorthand/Typing Student
Moana Warren	Top S.C. Shorthand/Typing Student
Valerie Roose	Top 3rd Form Typewriting Student
Ruth Mason	Top 4th Form Typewriting Student
Oman Abbot	Top 5th Form Commercial Practice Student
Robert Simpson	Top 7th Form Economics Student

AUTO MECHANICS:

William Mita	Auto Mechanics First
Tuterangi Sadler	Auto Mechanics Second

Graduation.



1975 GRADUATION

AHMU, Quincey
ANDERSON, Carollyn
AULD, Stewart
BRIGGS, Kevin
BRONS, Marcus
BRONS, Thomas
BROWN, Ipu
COLEMAN, Sharon
DAY, Robert
DUNCAN, Claire
DEWES, Cammie
EDMONDS, Natalie
ER[illegible]ETI, Isobel
FR[illegible]Y, Kim
FO[illegible]ES, She[illegible]
GERNHOEF[illegible] Daryl
GILLESPIE[illegible]nette
GOING, Gle[illegible]
GOING, Kieron
GRACE, Denise
GREEN, Beth
GREEN, Elizabeth
GREEN, Sharon
HAREMATE, Mei
HARRIS, Kaiserina
HAY, Kathy
HEMOPO, Barry
HENDERSON, Mark
HEPERI, Moira
HIGGINS, Michael
HIKAKA, Makere
HIPPOLITE, Joy
HOETE, Walter
HORSFORD, Butch
HORSFORD, Morgan
IMBER, Susan
JOHNSON, Allan
KAKA, Marie
KAMAU, Rowena
KEH[illegible]E, John
KOMENE, Huatahi
KYDD, Lorne
LAUVAO, P[illegible]ter
LILLEY, Sh[illegible]on
MAIN, Ian
MATENGA, Steven
MARSHALL, Robyn
MEHA, Mere
METEKINGI, Jessica
MIKAERE, Grant
MOLS, Robert
MURPHY, Philip
MURRAY-McGREGOR, Susan
McGREGOR, Susan
NEALE, Stella
NIKORA, Nepia
OLSEN, Cheryl
ORMOND, P[illegible]rick
[illegible]MSBY, A[illegible]rena
[illegible]MSBY, El[illegible]
[illegible]AWAI, Debbie
PARK[illegible] Debbie
PET[illegible]S, Joanna
PIHE[illegible]A, Harold
PIHE[illegible]A, Wayne
POU[illegible], Vaya
PRO[illegible]S, Kent
RANGIHEUEA, Tania
RANGUAIA, David
RATA, Pam
RICHTER, David
RIWAI, Manuera
SELWYN, Dean
SCOTT, Clinton
SHARLAND, Kim
SHEPHERD, Mark
SIMON, Matthew
SKIPPS, Trina
SMILER, Don
SMITH, Verne
SOLOMON, Mary
SUBRITZKY, John
SULIAFU, John
SUTTON, Bruce
TARAWHITI, Josephine
TAYLOR, Roberta
TEIO, Minier
THOMSON, David
TIMU, Anita
TUTEAO, Verne
VAN'T WOUT, Noeline
VANDENBOSCH, Christian
WALMSLEY, Kathy
WARREN, Moana
WATENE, Lance
WATENE, Wayne
WHAANGA, Moerangi
WHAANGA, Margaret
WIHONGI, Keith
WILLIAMS, Elizab[illegible]
WILLIAMS, Polliana
WITEHIRA, Arta
WOOD, Tania

Things haven't
changed
so much

Save I
that were
getting closer
to the bottom
of
the pit.

And man
is more
of a
memic monkey
than before

4,000 years ago
man
couldn't even
pick his nose
intelligently

Today
he can
go to the zoo
and laugh
at the monkeys.

'I live for how long
  I do not know
I travel
  I know not where
I am astonished
  That I am gay'



Deleraine Armstrong.



Adams, Catherine



Armstrong, Delaraine



Brouwer, Pieter



Ball, Peter



Barker, Gary



Brons, Thomas



Briggs, Kevin



Hamon, Robert



Heperi, Moira



Keung, Stephen



Kingi, Tahi



Lardelli, Karin



Mason, Patricia



Metekingi Ariel.



Metekingi, Mark



Meha, Arapata



MacGregor, Michelle



Ormsby, Gaylene



Palmer, Brian



Parata, Hyrum



Peace, Grahame



Rex, Linda



Ruwhiu, Leland



Simpson, Robert



Southon, Karen



Skipps, Joseph



Stoneley, Thomas



Whaanga, John

7th FORM

VITE BREUIS EST. . .
Brian Palmer

Vivo non vivisimo in memoric ego
He died unhappily,
With only regrets in his mind
Because he had lived with only his memories of the past.
Unable to progress,
Because he wouldn't let go of that, which had gone.

Vivo non vivisimo in fitene
He died unhappily
With unfulfilled plans of,
What was he going to do tomorrow
Regretting that life was so short,
And he had done so little.

Vivo unusquisque uttains similis ego.
He died content, prepared after a short life,
To meet his maker.
Haung learn't from his memories,
Prepared for his future
Then lived in the present,
Living each day as though it were his last.

Vivo breuis est, vostore agere non.





Alexander, David



Anderson, Ivor



Ahmu, Quincey



Auld, Stewart



Bayliss, Janice



Berryman, Vyonna



Brons, Marcus



Baxter, James



Coleman, Sharon

6th FORM

My life begins at 6.30 or a little after if I'm tired. A few of my form mates are dragging their legs along the corridors towards their rooms after an early class with Bro. Marshall and a few are on their drowsy way to the shower (which are invariably cold when I finally get under one).

Do the floor if I can find a broom then off to enjoy the Cafe quizene.

At school I unsuccessfully tried learning by autosuggestion, I slept through Math; of course some subjects were interesting, in Bio we're learning the sex life of an algae.

After school all the guns are out training, then feed and down to study or a totoo. Prayers, supper and bed. Out of bed when the Dorm Parents asleep and into the luggage room for us slow learners.

Finally a tired head hits the sack.

But this is only one small front. We love our sport, our culture, our dances, our activities, our spirit; we love our school. And our headaches in most cases pay U.E. dividends and in all cases result in growth and development.

I.M.



Dewes, Cammie



Duncan, Claire



Ewens, Roger



Fray, Kim



Forbes, Sheryl



Going, Kieron



Going, Pamela



Green, Beth



Gillespie, Jeanette



Grace, Denise



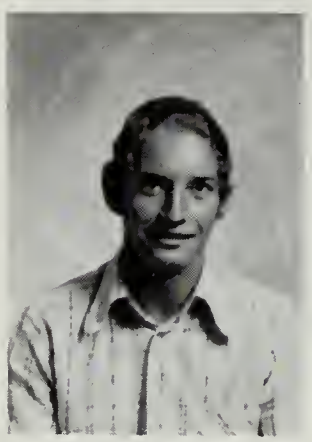
Gernhoefer, Daryl



Hale. Kris



Haremate, Mei



Higgins, Michael



Hay, Kathryn

ANGER

A scream,
A yell
'Hey don't do that!
A smack,
A whack,
Then . . . .
Pitiful Sobs.
I'm soree'
she whispers
I'm soree'.

6th FORM



Hoete, Walter



Horsford, Morgan



Horsford, Butch



Mark Henderson:



Imber, Susan



Kaka, Marie

THE PESTILENCE

There's an old hut on the mountainside
  nestled amongst a snowgrass blanket
boldly trespassing on volcanic slopes
  of violence passed
and yet to come

Remember the glistening lake below
  the moon casting itself upon placid surface
and the distant view of Taupo
  behind
rugged igneous silhouettes

Remember the dark forgotten contours
  valleys untouched, clinging to memories of Ngatoro
his magic bringing
  a fiery might to haunt
steam to shroud and rocks
  to cast upon the mirror face of Rotorua.

Remember the summit winds
  whisper or scream
its touch a spirit's finger
  cutting deep
creating
  an image, a feeling
of bygones

All is destined to go
  none reverent to bow
appreciative of its majesty
  soon
she will be gone
  consumed into the infinity of
CIVILISATION!

Remember that hut on the mountainside
  seems to have a familiar ring
called it the ketetahi
  do you remember
do you?

Calvin Mora.

Aotearoa

Fish why does man
destroy your beauty.
try to conquer already
conquered land.
Your swimming has ended
You will remain still
for the rest of Earth's
Days.

No more do people
remember the youth
that was once yours.
The fight with Maui;
Victory covered the earth,
Salt bit the tongue,
Winds whistled wiskily
The sea churned.

A magic bone you caught
took away your life
now you remember nothing
you are changed
but beauty still remains
Nature admires and
admonishes you.

Patrick Ormond



Kamau, Rowena



Katene, Makea



Kehoe, John



Knight Scott



Kutia, Morgan



Kydd, Lorne



Lilley, Sharon



Marshall, Robyn



Mahuika, Ada



Metekingi, Jessica



Mora, Calvin



Meha, Mere



Main, Ian



Martin, Sydney



McGregor, Susan



Diane MacGlauclan



Neale, Arthur



Neale, Stella



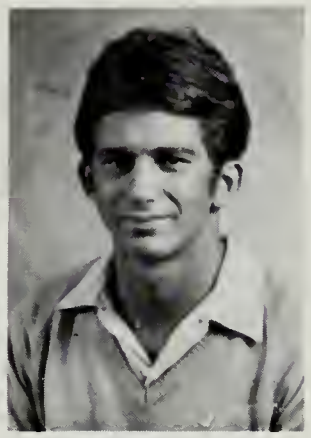
Nin, Muriel



Ormond, Patrick



Ormsby, Eleanor



Ormsby, James



Pi Bee



Paewai, Debra



Park, Deborah



Peters, Joanne



Pihema. Harold



Pihema, Wayne



Prows, Kent



Pinker, Susanne



Tina Purcell



Rangiheuea, Tania



Read, Elizabeth



Richter, David



Rose, Neil



Rata, Pamela



Saltzman, Josef



Sharland, Kim



Shepherd. Mark



Simon, Matthew



Solomon, Marv J



Stroud, Vicki



Suliafu, John



Sutton, Bruce



Shortland, Stella



Smiler, Don



Scott, Clinton



Smith, Verne



Taylor, Roberta



Thomson, David

6th FORM



Van't Wout, Noelene



Vanderbosch, Christiar



Wihongi, Stephen



Watene, Wayne,



Whaanga, Margaret



Williams, Polliana



Watene, Lance

BELIEVING

I know he's there,
I sense his presence
My powers are ordinary
It's just that
He makes himself known
To me
Only,.

How can I make you
Understand?
You think I have
A problem,
Gee! If only you know
You'd be happy.
Understanding isn't hard
It's believing
That matters.

Margaret Whaanga

RAIN

I love the rain
Upon my brow.
It seems to cool
and keep the temper down.
It slishes and sloshes
against my feet,
but I don't mind
Cause I have come to meet
the rain as it comes tumbling down.

To live again is to breathe,
To love again is to feel,
For life is physical and spiritual
In God's eyes.

To live is to sin,
To love is for wanteness,
For this is the symbol of life
In the sight of man.

God and man
So different
Yet so real.

John Suliafu

SOMETIMES

Sometimes I think and sit
Othertimes I just sit.

Sometimes I think I like you
Othertimes I know it

Sometimes I think you have called.
Othertimes you do call
And we go off into the still horizon.

THE TEMPLE ON THE HILL

Silent in all her grace
Embedded in nature's self made lake of beauty
Stood the very center of life
Her complexion white.
Blended with a majestical appearance against her
Flowering necklace of gardens
As radiant as the garden of Eden
Yes! such is the magnificance
Of the Temple on the Hill.

Fear not! She is a loving Liahona of God.
She offers repentance for the wrong
Her grace is merciful and abundant
She binds sweet love in eternal marriage
Her sacredness allows baptism for the dead
She embraces sweet children to their kin
For the purpose of ever lasting sealing
She binds man to woman – people to God.

Such is the beauty
The love
The ecstacy
Of the
Temple on the Hill.

Aroha Anderson



Abbott, Oman



Anderson, Aroha



Anderson, Carollyn



Anderson, Mary



Apiata, Gloria



Alexander, Karen



Aston, Trudy



Aupouri, Lynda



Armstrong, Rose



Barker, Glen



Bartlett Christine



Bedford, Daryl



Boon, Castie





Brown, Ipu



Calden, Gunnella



Chase, Marion



Clark, Lavern



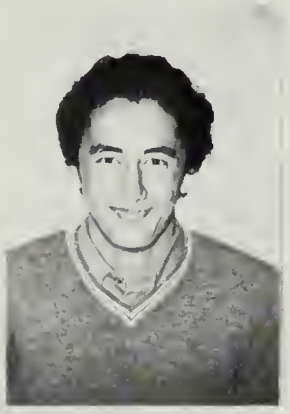
Clemens, Robyn



Cobbett, Stephen



Crouch, Bradley



Dennison, Dallin



Daysh, Kathryn



Daymond, Maureen



Day, Robert



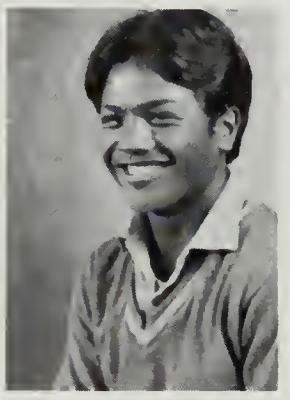
Dennis, Randall



Dennis Tony



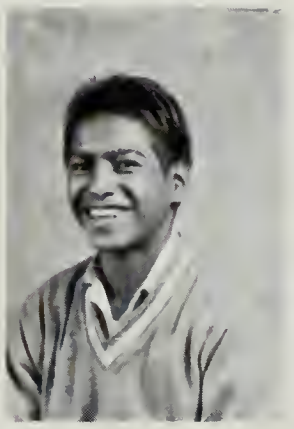
Easdale, Linda



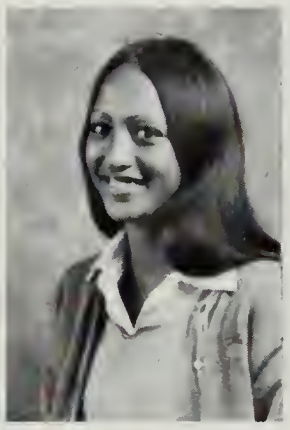
Edmonds, Haydn



Edmonds, Natalie



Elkington, Harold



Elkington, Hoki



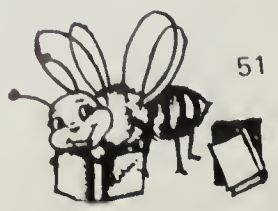
Elkington, Paula



Erueti, Isobel

5th FORM

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:
Strouds Jewellers





Floden, Brent



Fowler, Dale



Garland, Julie



Garland, Maia



Gilgen, David



Gisa, Leuina



Going, Jennifer



Going, Glennis



Green, Elizabeth



Green, Sharon



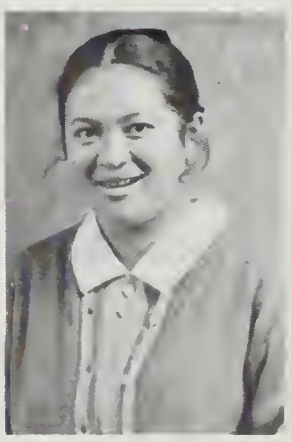
Hamon, Rosemary



Hannah, Sandra



Harris, Kaiserina



Harris, Sharon



Hartog, Camarita



Hayes, Terry



Hayes, Sandra



Hayward, Jean



Heke, Shirley



Hikaka, Makere

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:
Gammies Reataurant



Hikaka Tania



Hippolite, Dina



Hippolite, Joy



Hill, Rocky



Hughes, Evan



Henderson, Michelle

WHY?

The battlefield
Was hard, rugged country.
They talk of noise pollution
And waste in this scientific age,
What about the indiscretely deafening
Thunder of the bombs? the never-ending
Drone of enemy planes.
The cold-blooded murder
of human life,
The waste of time and money.

Although
Through this time of sorrow
Friendships strengthened and now
We laugh at old fantasies, gone.
My heart still burns
When I remember the death
And agonizing sorrow caused
By so named well educated leaders
Who led us nowhere but to
Destruction.

Liz Green.

5th FORM



Hoetawa, Stella



Hoete, Gail



Hay, Donna



Hemopo, Barry



Johnson, Alan



Johnson, Gillian



Judd, Evan



Johnston, Kym



Kaka, Gina



Komene, Huatahi



Phillip Jensen



Komene, Peter



Kopua, Kay



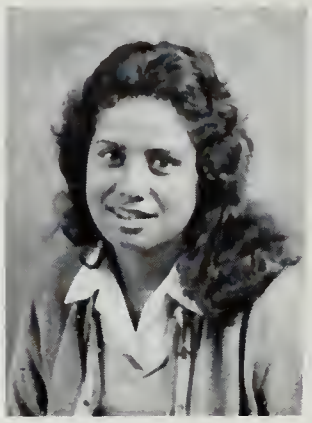
Kaka, James



Kereama, Carolyn



Krielen, Carey



Karaitiana Heneti



Kereama, Steven



Kitson, David



Marama King



Lyndon, Agnes



Lauvao, Peter

Disease *

Ohhh tormented soul of remorse, hurt
singed for life, burn't.
Hell or Heaven as one, Take your choice,
either or none.
Agonizing, acrid and senseless, Meaningless
discovery of life on your part.
Taste the effect of brief given ecstasy,
but feel the pent up sick, that
almighty hangover.
Cream, of dreams to come, float in unknown
solars that surmount to . . . . nothing.
Yet you are not to know, your the succer
that sucks, to the end, the end of
your life.

* This poem is about a person already infected with the disease of drugs. A person hooked badly onto them, someone that doesn't know what he's doing as long as he has those few brief moments of ecstasy, a person that lives for this each day, not because he wants to, but he can't do anything else. He is hooked till death.

Stephen Matenga.



Mols, Robert



Murphy, James



Murphy, Robert



Matenga, Stephen



Mikaere, Grant



Mora, Wayne



Morton, Janette



Meha, Wiki



Minhinnick, Robert



Ngakura, Masoka



McGregor, Wendy



McGifford, Anthony



McRoberts, Richard



Ngawaka, Rosina



Nikora, Nepia

Sane as the sun I sit in
the old day room
thinking back.

Staring blankly at the
overgrown verandah
as thoughts of that unforgotten
day flicker thru.

The classroom with the
boarded door
Still holds mamas presence
Stuffed with newspaper to hide
the blank walls.

Memories of her flood back
dry memories . . . .
of that unspoken day
Strange the old Kooheke's gone
She weren't that bad . . . .

I can still recall
her muffled screams
and the heavy thud
as they finished her

She weren't that bad . . . .
she weren't that bad . . . .

I remain blank as those
Dry memories flicker thru . . . .

SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Do you remember when you could walk
and on the first day they said, you could talk
Do you remember when you were three
and played in the park and grazed your knee.
Do you remember when you were fice
and we took you to school and you cried and cried
Do you remember when you got the cane
and laughed at the teacher and got it again.
Do you remember when you could surf
and the ocean was your very special part of the earth.
Or is it too late to remember.
Do you remember when you died
and I cried and cried and cried.
I can remember — can you?

Yvonne.



Smith, Anthony



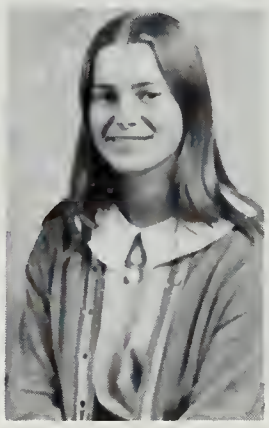
Oliver, Yovnne

FRIEND

He came one day;
A boy in years, but in
Spirit a man
A preacher of the gospel
He walked straight-backed
Bright eyes, wide smile
Radiant with the love of Christ.
He brought an understanding heart
Calm to a troubled soul
Spiritual awakening
Happiness.

He never cared about himself
He always looked for those that
That he could help
You always felt that
He cared when he said
I'd love to help
The stars in his eyes
Always gave his feelings away
His joy his sorrow
But most of all his
Happiness.

He went so soon
We hardly had the time
To know him well
Or tell him we loved him
He took with him
Shining stars and sunshine
And all the beauty of the earth
He left behind all that he was
Friend, Brother, Comforter
And in our memories of him
Happiness.



Osborne. Edith



Olsen, Cheryl



Olsen, Geoffrey



Ormond, Daphne







Pearse, Grant



Purcell, Bertie



Paul, Anaru



Poutu, Vaya



Pascoe, Nigel



Pola'apou, Tevita



Prime, Nephi



Purcell, Jessica



Petty, Mark



Paul, Carolina



Rakena, Blaine



Ranguiaia, David



Rata, Raylene



Rarere, Adelaide



Riwai, Manuera



Roche, Leshia



Selwyn, Dean



Smith, Debbie



Sadler, Sheryl

MIRACLE

The sun belongs to the sky
The leaf belongs to the tree
And you my love
You belong to me.
And it's a miracle
That I have someone like you
To take my troubles to
Whenever I'm down
You always seem to be
Around.

EQUALITY

Temple
Oh mighty Temple
Standing proud, yet alone
Oh your heavenly hill
Sun glaring in your eyes.

Sun
Oh brilliant sun
Don't pass me by
I may look a mere shack
Yet I feel a temple within.

Verna Tuteao



Soloai, Lester



Stoneley, Julie



Smith, Peina



Solomon, Makere



Shirra, Derek



Siteine, Lisa



Skipps. Trina



Skipps. Benita



Smith, Vernon



Subritzky, John



Sutton, Paul



Tait, Merven



Teinakore, Junior

5th FORM



Tahere, Thomasita



Teio, Minier



thomassen, Anita



Tuteau, Averill



Tuteao, Verna



Turinui, Makareta



Thomas, Douglas



Tarawhiti, Josephine



Timu, Anita



Toi, Joanne



Tonga, Joy



Tipene, Mildred

Lest We Forget

Weep not rain
Your tears fall on sullen shoulders
Though time has enshrouded their memories
You will never forget.



Whaanga, Moerangi



Walmsley, Kathleen



Warren, Moana



Williams, Elizabeth



Williams, Reginald

BIRTH OF A TREE

Tiny see, little see, smaller than a whisper,
gently imbedded between the soft folds of life,
years to wait, years to wonder, time to linger on,
Struggling to reach life's giving light,
finally making a breakthrough,
ageing with every foot of growth,
reaching up reaching out,
wrinkles start to set in,

I feel a pain, a grasping pain,
surging through my feet,
I'm tumbling unvoluntarily, falling,
falling,
falling . . .

Alma Wilson.

A PROBLEM

Sunrise
A lonely hill,
Empty . . . .

I enter
A lone and
confused.
Watching,
Thinking,
Contemplating . . . .
Wandering if
Life is
JUST!
Decisions
problems
Prayer.
Decided,
solitude
endorses
Peace
embraces
Unburdened;

I leave


Williams, Howard


Wihongi, Petrina


Wihongi, Ronald


Wihongi, Teahu


Watson, Liane


Walker, James


Weller, Debbie


Whaikawa, Poata


Whaanga, James


Wilson, Alma


Witehira, Arta


Witehira, Richard


White, Tui


Wood, Tania


Wilkie, Joanne


Wharemate, Tut



Aronsen, Ana



Aupouri, Phillip



Ball, Michael



Belbin, Chris



Blair, Robyn



Dallas. Gillian



Easdale, David



Evans, Joanne



Elkington, Lee



Ferguson, George



Forbes, Aaron

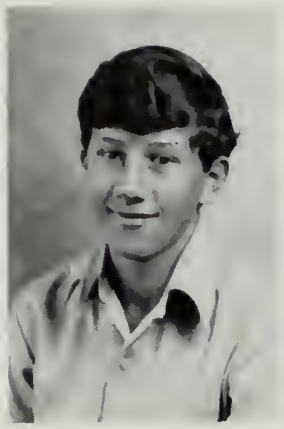


Finau, Tolu

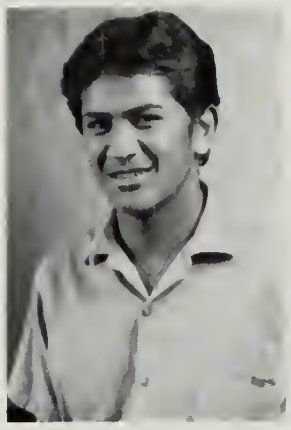
4th FORM



Grant, Sonya



Hannan, Paul



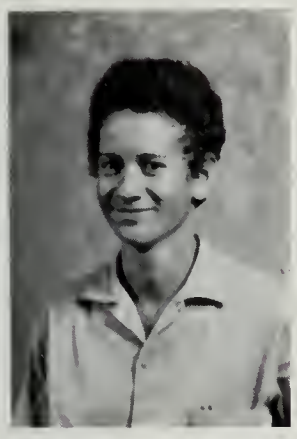
Harris. Rahiri



Harrison, Glen



Henzler, Fiona



Heperi, Peter



Heperi, Angela



Higgins, John



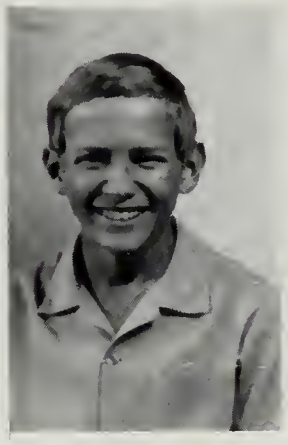
Hippolite, Frank



Hutchison, Niven



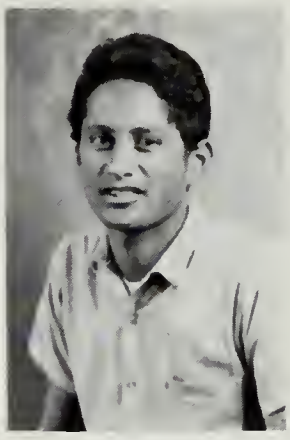
Hester, Kathryn



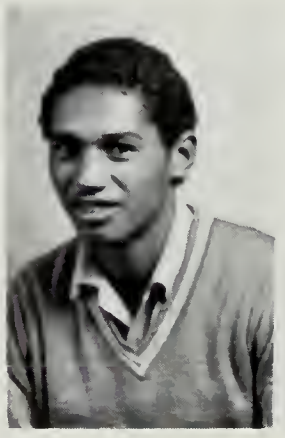
Johnson, Peter



Judd, David



Kaka, James



Katene, William



Kingi, Penni

TRANQUILITY

Peace of the world is unyielding,
Unless you yield that peace within
the world.
Nature is yielding,
If only our eyes are open unto it.
Love is not love when no feelings
are left.
Calmness of the sea dnd the subtleness of
the breeze,
Can be the raging torrent of a storm or the
power within a breeze,
God moves these things, like we can move others
unto him.
Truth can only be held with divine sight
When that holder is within that grasp.
Pureness is only found deep
within,
All men can show this if this pureness is
found without.

Tony Smith.

DESERT CYCLE

The Day was hot
The ghost town, Coolgarie was just hidden in the
shimmering heat waves
Broken trees lay like old sotted men, bumt black
by the scorching sun.
The land was arid and the mud where the oasis was,
was peeling
Like the paint peels off of old dilapidated houses.
The seared land waited for the drop of water,
That life giving substance which would bring the
desert to life.
Weeks, months, the land lay burnt and blistered.
Then . . .
There was a faint stirring of air slowly, caressing
the ground as mother would
her child,
Clouds slowly began to roll into clusters and look
ominous
– Then suddenly it happened – with an enormous crash
of thunder the heavens opened.
The precious fluid fell in a deluge, making small
dust clouds where it fell
Then small streams appeared that filled the cracks,
Soon they became a rearing torrent of water that
increased the movement and
power
The water carried the broken trees away, like twigs
in the gutters.
And so suddenly . . . . . .
It was all over –
Soon shoots of young plant appeared, bursting into
bloom as if over night.
The desert came alive in splendour of Cobour and animal
life to appear as the garden of
Eden, for a very short time.
Then once again the land became cauterized having
gone the full cycle.

Heather Cahoon.



Karu, Sharlene



Mason, Ruth



Matenga, Kaye



Minhinnick, Douglas



Mita, Robert



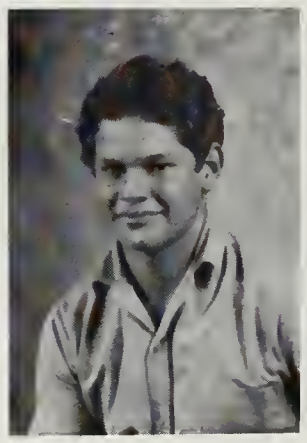
Ngaamo, Debbie



Nikora, Katrina



Ormond, Aubrey



Ormsby, Craig



Ormsby, Leonie



Paki Maxwell



Park, Geoffrey



Pearse, Josanne



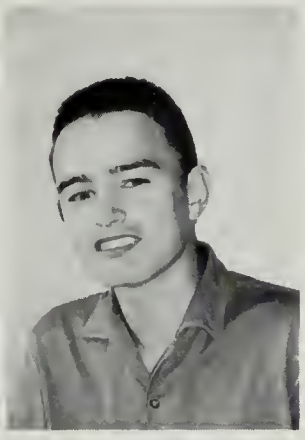
Prows, Reed



Purcell, Ali



Pere, Katherine



Robinson, John



Ranquiaia, Fiona



Reti, Sheryl



Ritchie, Raymond



Rose, Andrew



Smith, Lynette



Smiler, Hemi



Sagar, Kura



Shepherd, Neil



Sledge, Dawn



Stoneley. David

4th FORM



We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Seafood Grotto



Tarawhiti, Eric



Tenwolde, George



Tibble, April



Tooman, Willie



Tukukino, Gwynette



Tuhura, Grace



Walmsley, Michael



Waugh, Jacqueline



Whaanga, Mark



Wihongi, Kevin



Wineera, Deborah



Williams, Lynda



Williams, Nathan



Wihongi, Richard

BEAUTY

Her clothes were torn and jagged
Her long brown hair was ragged
Eyes looked but could not find
What lay beyond her troubled mind.

Yet funny though what life shows
The simple outside of her troubled clothes
Doesn't reveal the beauty inside
Beauty covered by others pride.

Inside a beautiful angel hid.
Boxed up, covered tightly with a lid.
No human being went forth to draw it out
With pride and love to bring about.

For beauty cannot be beauty if it doesn't have love.
Love, that can be sent on the wings of a dove.
Stretch out your hand to someone in need
Find a friend by doing a good deed.

But still her problem is there
No-one ever bothers to care
She works among the old and poor
But as far as the rich are concerned she came from the sewer.
Yet death calls upon all at one time.
Be they young or be they in their prime.
To some though it relieves
No more for a fire to gather leaves.

Now she happily rests herself with the rare
Those too that may gave, held peoples stare
But instead of working timidly with the old
With our saviour she is bright and bold.

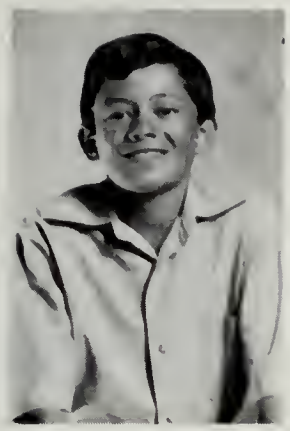
Lisa Floden.

A DOUBLE CINQUAIN
RAIN

Rain
so light
Cloud so thick
A streak of lightening
The thunder rolls away loudly
The rain beats harder, faster
The puddles fill up
Dry creeks flood
Natuer opens
up.

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

G.M. Taylor



Anderson, Denver



Aupouri, Carol



Aspinall, David

TEMPTATION

A child loves the brightness
Of a hot fire
It sees the jagged-like flames
which dance on the logs
It longs to reach out to touch
and hold the flames
But he's been told not to go near
this beautiful sight
His curiousity overwhelms him and
he stretches his hand and
To clutch the shining beauties
his face full of pain
The smell of scorched flesh
his hand well blistered
It looks at the once love flames
a lesson is learnt!



Bartlett, Karen



Beazley, Konrad



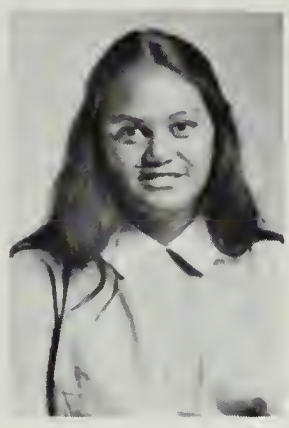
Brons, Christina



Baylis, Craig



Cahoon, Heather



Chase, Marlene



Cookson, Keith



Dennis, Kingi



Dowe, Mark



Edmonds, Jacqueline



Farquhar, Bruce



Fermanis, Christine



Ferguson, Charlotte



Ferguson, Shayne



Floden, Lisa



Fray, Neal

3rd FORM



Gardam, Linda



Gilgen, Benjamin



Gilgen, Maynard



Gisa, Ailaoa



Gray, Luana



Pauline Gillespie



Hart, Leonaora



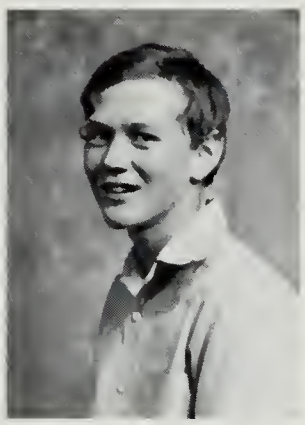
Hart, Christina



Hayes, Shayne



Hamon, Ian



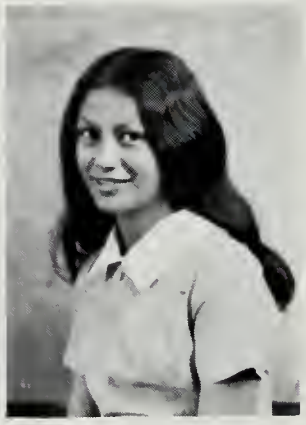
Hartog, Martinus



Honey, Stephen



Hyett, Evan



Hemi, Vicki-Lee



Hippolite, Nikora



Huirama, Karen



Wayne Harrison



Jacobs, Kay



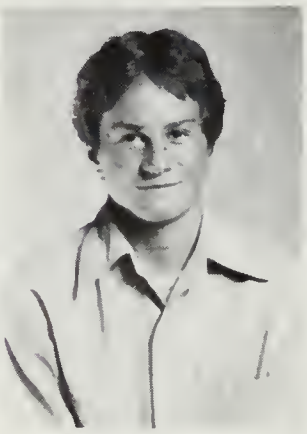
Jacobs, Taricia



Johnston, Paul



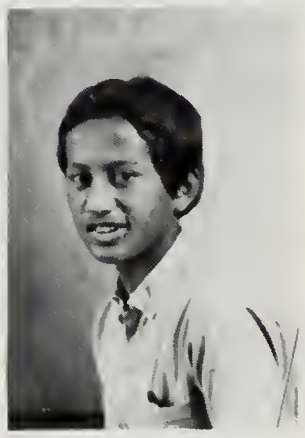
Jones, Julie



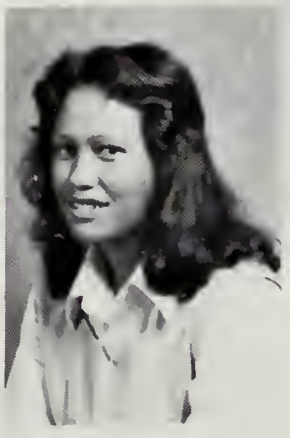
Johnston, Wayne



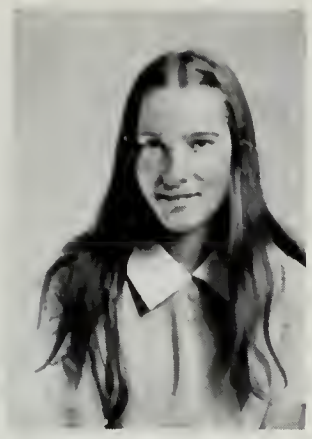
David Jensen



Kaka, Tane



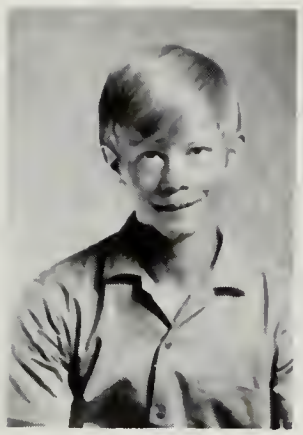
Katene, Kaylene



Kehoe, Christine



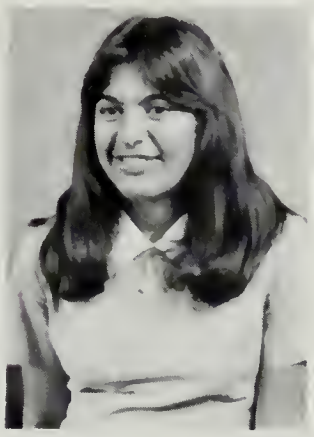
Kelly, Leslie



_illey, Douglas



Mahanga, Klinton



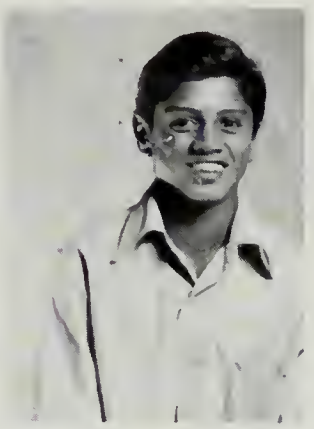
Matenga, Julie



Matenga, Ruth Ann



Majury, Paul



Marshall, Gregory



Murray-McGregor, Neta



Matenga, Mary



Mikaere, William



McGregor, Glen



We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Eastside Burger Bar, Hamilton East



Mahanga, Richard



McCarthy, Maria



MacDonald, Max



McCarthy, Dale



Mills, John

LITTLE FLY

Karina Watene

Little fly sitting on the wall,
undisturbed by all,
Timid as a little mouse
This very pest in our house,
It has no clothes that I can see,
No little trousers to cover his knees,
There is no shirt for him to wear,
The cold of winter he has to bear,
This is all that I can say,
That little fly has ended his stay,
I stand so close
  And give a sigh
Slat!
  Squishy – squishy –
Goodbye fly.



Ngawaka, Paul



Naylor, James



Ngati Lynda



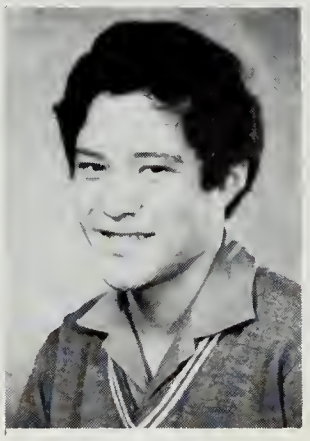
Ormond, Andrew



Owen, Lianne



Ormsby, Darilyn



Paki, Eldon



Purcell, Honey



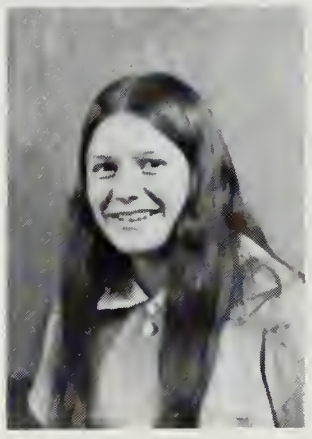
Ramsden Daryi



Rangiawha, Jennifer



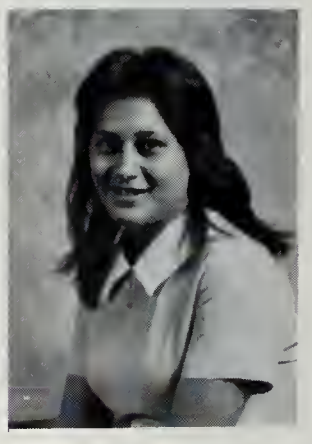
Richter, Clayton



Ritchie, Deborah



Rouse, Valarie



Sadler, Kim



Sadler, Tina



Sagar, Joy



Shepherd, Brent



Sims, Anthony



Smith, Rawiri



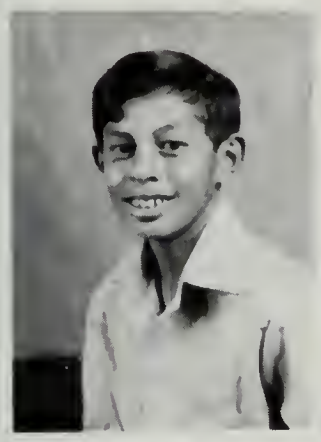
Smith, Jay



Timu, Mark

I can't sleep,
I'm too hot! take off some blankets, too cold.
Darn, my toes are poking out of the blankets, Get your backside out of my face, cat.
Suddenly the oldest lullaby of all time reaches my ears.
It enters and echoes through my brain, my eyes slowly close and I dream of better words,
It's raining . . . . . .

Terry Hayes



Tukukino, Riki



Turinui, Marshallene



Tibble, Janet



Waka, Joanne



Watene, Waana



Watene, Karina



Wihongi, Carlene



Wihongi, Moana



Williams, Teena



Wilson, Nancy



Wilson, William



Webb, John



Waata, Makere

3rd FORM

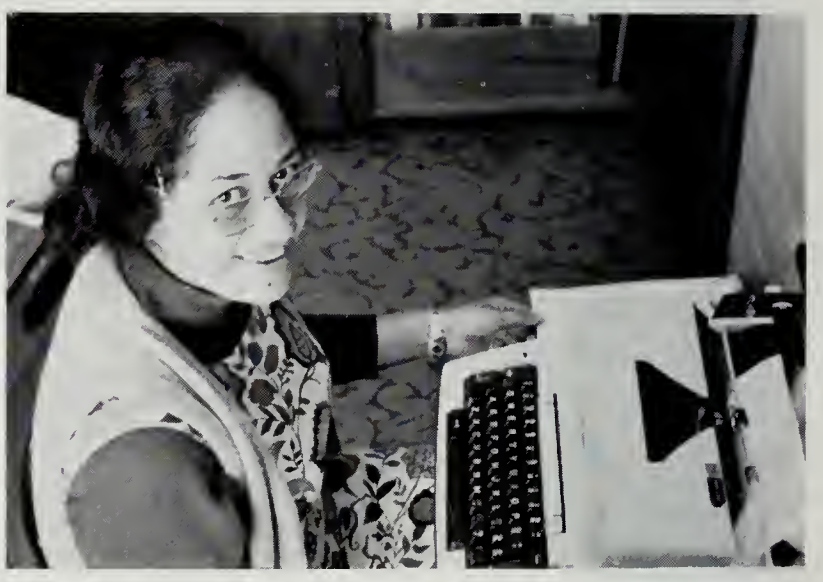
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Sea Food Supplies, Dinsdale









I disapprove of what
you say, but I will
defend to the death,
your right to say it.

Voltaire.

A Church Youth Program







Seminary and Institute.

"Like Unto Us" was the theme for the Seminary course for the year, which was the Book of Mormon. The new music and songs with the course were liked by all who heard it.

For the first time the seventh formers were given the opportunity to attend Institute twice a week during the evenings. This gave them a chance to mix with other Institute age students not attending the College.

An exciting scripture chase programme was held towards the end of the second term with a champion team of four receiving a "Like Unto Us" record.

Graduation consisted of 91 students and was an enjoyable experience for all. One special occasion was when the Seminary had a "Robert L. Simpson day," when Brother Simpson came to campus and spoke at a devotional. The year finished well with the oft repeated words from "Like Unto Us":

"Heed Moroni's Promise
Pray and search it through —
And the Spirit will bear witness
That the Book of Mormon's true."



I'LL MISS YOU . . . MY FRIEND

Yesterday . . . I used to watch you play
You would turn round and . . . smile the same old way
I always thought life would be the same old scene
Just all smiles . . . and other . . . precious things
I was wrong . . . and man does it hurt . . .

Somebody said . . . "just live and let die
But I can't accept this as each . . . day goes by
I just pray to the one who . . . reigns on high
Please take our friend . . . and accept all our cries

I'll miss you my friend . . . but what of tomorrow?
We'll just sing . . . rejoice on your sorrow

In this song we pay . . . tribute to thee
and envy you for . . . what you now see
Life's just a play and your . . . role's fulfilled
And if you're to learn more . . . there must be a death"

Yesterday . . . I used to watch you play
You would turn around . . . and smile the same old way
I always thought life would be the . . . same old scene
Just smiles . . . and other . . . precious things . . .
I was wrong . . . and man does it hurt

I'll miss you my friend . . . but what of tomorrow?
We'll just sing your song . . . rejoice on your sorrow

" . . . We'll miss you our friend . . ."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
Dean Selwyn

SUNG BY
Mark Henderson &
Dean Selwyn

FOR MY FATHER

Yesterday I looked out to sea
And I saw your face.
Today I looked again,
You were still there, but the image
had faded.
It was as though you were being blown
Into the distance by the wind.
It made me sad to think of us drifting
apart.
Tomorrow I'll look again
The wind has been known to change.

Tania

SWEATER

Hair like strands of woven nature
Softly knotted, fearly greasy,
Shaven off, packed and tracked to hell
Marked, 'Sheep Dogs'.

Machines sort, spinning such twine,
Until it's sort by the human eye,
Converging mattered webs, which
consume the man
Covering his icy complexion.

Into the smothering smog he trudge,
Choking each patterned fibre with slug,
Till sadded mothballed and flavoured
with scent
This sweater I fear should to heaven be sent.

Pam Going

THE FLOOD

Your prevailing love,
Is splattered.
Your face is but a torrent
Of water.
Will you not die?
Ask forgiveness of your God
That he may sponge
Your face
So you may yet
Shine in his presence
And not drown
From your own
Prevailing love.

Bruce Sutton.

A CLOSING CHAPTER

Old man
Do not hang your head in shame
Old age is not a curse.

Do not wither
To the gradation
Of youths devision.

You are not old
Your mind
Is ages accursed imposter.

Old man
Hold back your tears and prepare
For the ground
Which opens to receive you
Lift up your head
And look into the distances
For it is a reality.

Karen Lardelli.

Standing proud and erect
on hill top
its spire stretching toward the heavens,
the Temple reaches for God.

I grasp for its gentle hand;
eager to enter within its doors
and find my maker, yet
afraid of the mysteries it holds.

Perhaps when I do find its
warm pulsating heart
my fears will leave, but for now
the steel gripped fingers of fear
hold me bound.

Tricia Mason.

It lapped soothingly onto the seashore
Rhythmically bring seashells from the ocean floor
afar —
Hiss - - - - - Hiss As the water seeps thru the
dampened sand
Then it returns to the depths far away.

The aims of the seashore become if
Call if to return
To bring forth the sea's treasure's
And by them in her lap.

The seafloor now empty —
Barren of all her gems
King Neptune's kingdom is worthless
Bare and fruitless!

Sue Pinker.

TRYANT

Undignified, undaunted the tryant stands,
'Guilty' sounds the verdict from a distant opaque figure,
As his clenched gavel pounds the desk.
Thinking all is lost,
All hopes of a Bursary pass destroyed
In contempt or is it concern
The tryant is summond, six hours

Hyrum Paerata



Encourage understanding . . .



BASIC ACTIVITIES





ATHLETICS:

Boys	T.V. 1	378	Girls	T.V. 1	188
	T.V. 2	326		T.V. 2	280
	T.V. 3	262		T.V. 3	272
	HAM.	167		HAM.	202

WARD POINT SCORES

SWIMMING:

Boys	T.V. 1	209	Girls	T.V. 1	211
	T.V. 2	312		T.V. 2	310
	T.V. 3	153		T.V. 3	247
	HAM.	178		HAM.	311





ATHLETICS




CANADA







Finlay Park

Priests and Conference





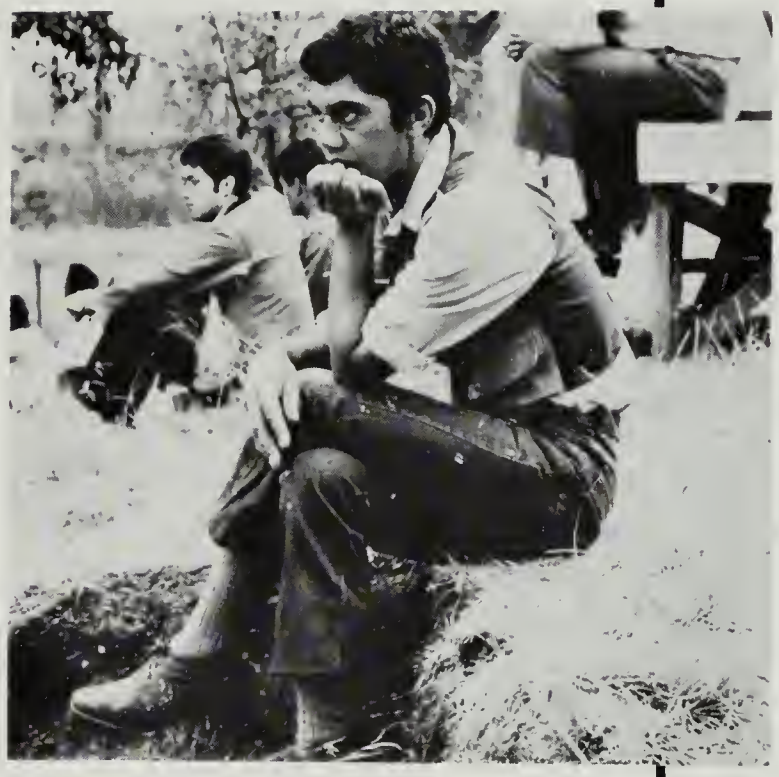
It's not far down the road, just a few miles
nestled behind aged trees, and bordered by
the tranquil monster, waikato, julting
from a gentle rise like massive rocks,
a group of buildings stand stark, stark
until a day, a day when a big blue bus pushes
through the gate, bringing life for another
weekend.

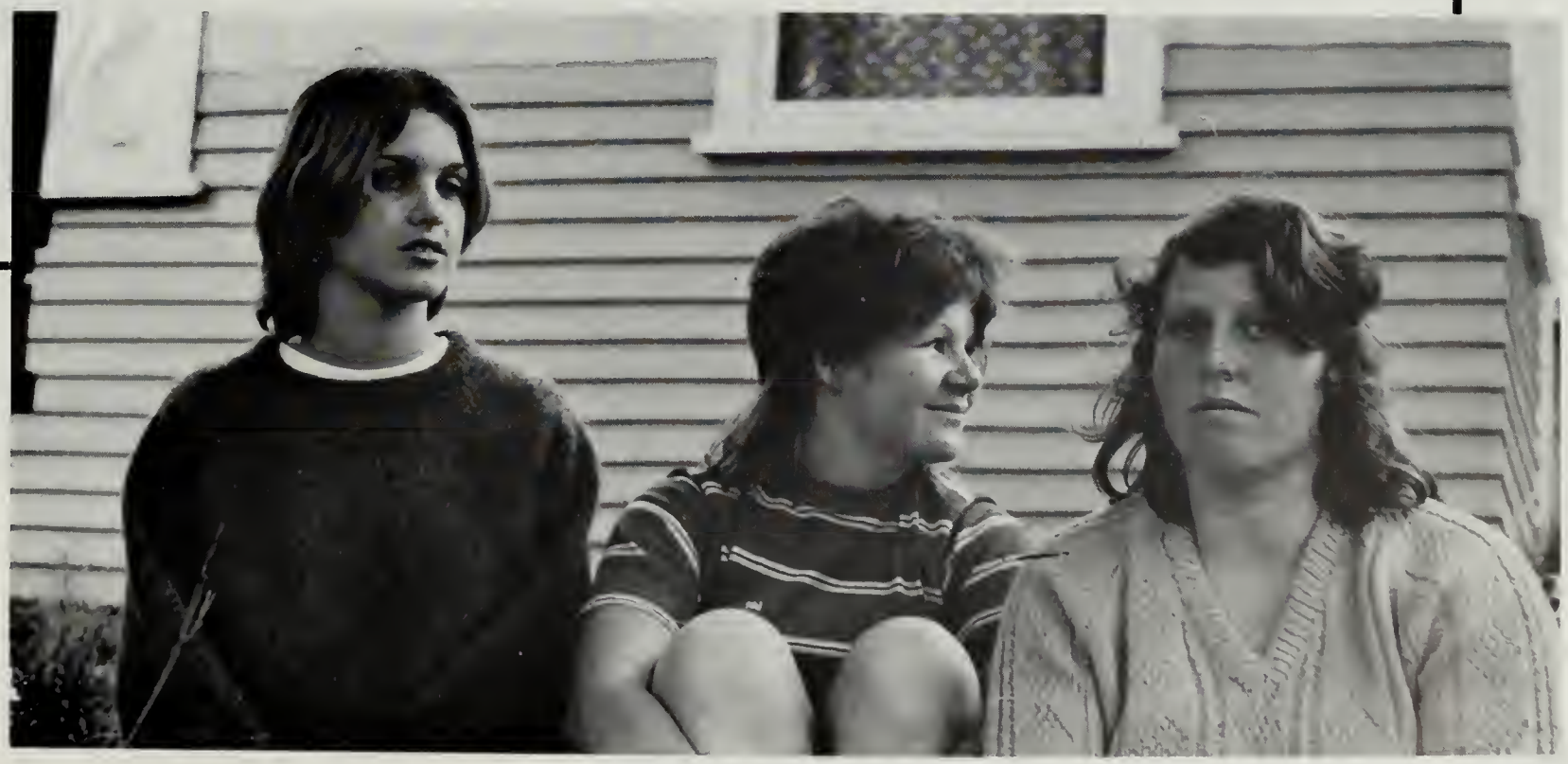
Findlay Park, Priest and Laurels one and
the same. A weekend of happiness, of
swimming, talking, singing, sleeping, a weekend
of reunion.
We will remember
the rain, the morning raid the dance and the
real trust worthu record player
the raft yes
we will remember always.

Laurels















Song-fest

1 1st ward
2 3rd ward
3 2nd ward
4 Hamiltonians

"What a bunch of drips (cheese) smile please?"





2nd June

SONGFEST

One of the year's highlights was marked by polish, nostalgia, emotion, colour. This was Songfest '75.

Practices were limited and it was thought they would be insufficient. After a hectic first week of term the Saturday sun descended to the tune of feet marching, wheeling and marking time, wards jockeying into position. Retracing practised steps each student found their position and each ward sat as one person.

The preliminaries were completed and it was Second Ward that broke the ice with the first rousing hymn and gay funsong. In turn each ward displayed the results of dedicated efforts.

While the judges tallied their scores C.C.N.Z. was treated to nostalgia from the Golden Oldies who flocked to the Festival. Equally thrilling was Brother Oler's "Cowboy Joe" (finally Bro. Oler's true talent had been uncovered).

When all had settled results were announced, and winners went wild with jubilation. The activity harnessed much power with months of organization. Everyone who gave his or her best willingly will bring to mind a little of the spirit of the night.

I.M.







1 1st ward
2 3rd ward
3 2nd ward
4 HAMILTONIANS

"Dallin, how could you sleep on the job?"









"Don't just stand there, do something."







DRAMA



We gratefully acknowledge the
donation of this page by:

Ian Jennings



BAND





Bertie Purcell — lead



George Ferguson — Sax — Rhythm
Kevin Wihongi — Sax
Caroline Kereama — Lead Vocalist
Katrine Nikora — Backup Vocalist
Grace Tuhura — Backup Vocalist
David & Benji Gilgen — Organ & Piano



Hey, Satchmo?

Tane Kaka — Drums
Lee Clark — Drums

The School Band was formed to provide **good dance** music of L.D.S. Standard. The main problem was getting the equipment in order and this has finally been accomplished. Work commenced and enthusiasm grew as things began to work themselves out. Several Band changes to produce reliability and excellence of sound finally resulted in

The main problem still confronting the Band is to get a wide enough selection of numbers to please all tastes and yet stay within the image of a modern sound. The Band aims to gain enough experience to be able to play in any place when called upon. Heavy numbers are included, but selection is used as the Band does not wish to become just another Rock Band, but prefers to produce variety.

Band Advisor and general Rubber Stamp pusher is Brother Mitchell.



POLYNESIAN CULTURE







Back Row: left to right:
Robert Mols, Poata Whaikawa, Dallan Dennison, Brian Tarawhiti.
Third Row:
Robert Mita, Douglas Minhinnick, Keith Wihongi, Hemi Smiler, Max MacDonald, Keith Cookson, Howard Williams.
Second Row:
Arthur Neale, Allieta Purcell, Mary Matenga, Shirley Heke, Moana Hemi, Joy Hippolite, Verna Tuteau, Susan Murry-McGregor, Stella Neale, Vickie Stroud, Quincey Ahmu.
Front Row:
Minier Teio, Linda Williams, Kaimerina Harris, Polliana Williams, Sheryl Reti, Leone Ormsby, Jeannette Gillespie, Angela Heperi, Fiona Rangiuaia, Junior Teinakore. Gary Barker.



TAHITIAN

SAMOAN



Back Row: left to right:
Manuel Riwai, Haden Edmonds, Arthur Neil, Gary Barker, Joe Skipps, Quincey Ahmu, Minier Teio, Richard Witehira, Wayne Watene, Baine Rakena.
Second Row:
Benita Skippa, Leana Gisa, Kay Kopua, Daphne Ormond, Caroline Paul, Joanne Toi, Isobel Erueti, Nephi Prime.
Third Row:
Lee Clark, Dean Selwyn, Rosina Ngawaka, Adelaide Rarere, Jean Haywood, Honey Purcell, Nancy Wilson, Kim Sadler, Tutterangi Sadler, Eldon Paki.
Front Row:
Margret Turanui, Marie Kaka, Leisa Sitene





Back Row: left to right:
Willie Katene, Kevin Wihongi, Rocky Hill, Grant Mikaere, Clinton Mahanga, Richard Mahanga, John Robinson.
Middle Row:
Ruth Rangiuaia, Robyn Clemens, Sharlene Karu, Ruthanne Matenga, Luanna Grey, Vicki Hemi.
Front Row:
Jai Peace, Steven Wihongi, Vyonne Berryman, Moirangi Whannga, Debbie Paewai, Mariel Keung, Jimmy Kaka, Ra Harris.

HAWIIAN







Back Row: Left to Right

Keith Wihongi, Leland Ruwhiu, William Mita, Richard Witehira, Don Smiler, Dean Selwyn, Ra Harris, Nephi Prime, Lavern Clarke, Tuti Sadler, Grant Mikaere, Harold Elkington, Jimmy Kaka, William Katene.

3rd Row:

Bertie Purcell, Stewart Auld, Frank Hippolite, Riki Tukukino, Denver Anderson, Jay Smith, Rawiri Smith, Gregory Marshall, Kingi Dennis, Aaron Forbes.

2nd Row:

Denise Grace, Makere Hikaka, Muriel Keung, Debbie Paewai, Margaret Whaanga, Caroline Paul, Margaret Turinui, Natalie Edmonds, Mei Haremate Sue Pinker, Daryl Gernfoefer, Jessica Purcell, Makere Solomon, Ada Mahuika, Paula Elkington, Gillian Johnson, Arana Anderson, Rosina Ngawaka Moana Wihongi, Niki Hippolite, Liane Watson, Manuera Riwai.

1st Row:

Charlotte Fergusson, Tania Rangihewia, Ipu Brown, Debbie Smith, Jean Hayward, Kay Kopua, Lynda Aupouri, Kayleene Katene, Grace Tuhira, Kay Matenga, Gwynette Tukukino, Joy Sagar, Jackie Edmonds, Debbie Wineera, Sonya Grant, Debbie Ngaomo, Penni Kingi, Kura Sagar, Julie Oler Marie McCarthy, Josephine Tarawhiti, Heneti, Karaitiana, Nita Murray-McGregor, Kay Jacobs, Patricia Jacobs.

MAORI







We're the ones who worked behind the scenes, and the trees, clicking cameras to put this baby on the air, and off the ground. Thanx to the time and effort of our crew of dedicateds — you have this book, inscribed with our 'blood, sweat, (and if you really want a winner . . . .) — tears and even signed with a little less than L.O.V.E. (The love kind've changed over time to a sigh of relief). But Yearbook isn't just clicking cameras and catching the kids, it took a lot of time — (a couple of 12 p.m. 'close up shop' nights weren't rare in a week) and effort running around arranging shots for mugs who want to play cat and mouse. "I'm too shy" is all part of the game. However the heaviest pat on the back goes hands down to Bro. Prowe and his family effort . . . and of course that unhailed hero — our Editor. (If it makes the rest of the crew feel good, you can pat yourselves on the back, too).

A lot of sacrifice was involved, especially with having to attend dances — (not so bad you reckon? Well you try waltzing with two tons of camera dangling round your neck . . . . it's a lit different than two arms), not to mention all the other activities that needed representation.

But it wasn't all sweat and gritted teeth, 2% was getting a laugh out of the millions of candids, and getting to perve at 'your' guy's picture, (well if you can't get the guy, what's wrong with the picture . . . aye Cath?) Well now that we've drawn you to tears with our big sob story, and you believe that we're really the heroes . . . we hope you enjoy your yearbook — with your grandchildren?









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"The Introspect..."

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UGLINESS

He walked not so much lazily, more slowly, solemnly, thoughtfully. It didn't seem possible that he could have gotten away with it. He didn't look behind, he knew what he would have seen, a large grey building cafested with people and police cars.

No-one had ever suspected him, he didn't know whether to feel good about that or not. At the time he had felt pleased about it, he had felt a great glow of self satisfaction at the time, but the sensation had worn off. What's the use of doing something so great, so skilfully, so planned, planned to the last detail and no-one knowing except he. He stopped walking and sat down on a bench near the bus stop. It had seemed wrong to tell anyone at the start, that had made him feel superior. He looked at his hand, it had two long scratches on it, which had healed and yet they left a scar, the scar of the first kill.

He hadn't really meant to do it not the first time. She had just been sitting there. Had she annoyed him? Intensely. She was ugly. Pittifully ugly. "How could she live with her ugliness?" he had thought. That is when he had strangled her, pulled the rope tight and murdered her. She had struggled, he looked at his hand once again, "Foolish Girl", he had thought. Didn't she realize it was for her own peace. No longer would she have to face ridicule, no longer would people laugh at her. He laughed to himself, "That was good of me".

He stood up to scratch. He looked at his watch, only 4.30. He had an hour to wait before his wife expected him home for tea. He could picture her, her beautiful long black hair, her radiant face, which had not been as radiant since Tommy died. It made him sad to think of Tommy, He had had beautiful hair like his mother's. He felt his bald patch and sighed. It was a pity Tommy had been so ugly. His face was burnt from a scalding water accident. He was ugly. So pitifully ugly. It was good of me to help him. He remembered seeing the little boy's startled expression and stifled screams, that had been the worst part, but he had forgiven Tommy. He was only two, Tommy didn't know his dying was for the good. He hated thinking about it, that was the only time it had upset him. He had thrown up.

He started walking again, and soon arrived at the entrance to the park. He looked about him and saw and heard children playing noisily on nearby swings. Everything looked so busy, so lively, not like at night. He had been here many times at night. Everything had been so silent except for a few muffled screams.

He remembered those screams well. They hadn't really bothered him, but it was rather foolish of them, he thought. Was it '9' or was it '10' people he had murdered here, or as he preferred to put it – SAVED! He wasn't quite sure, but he thought it was most probably '10'. This place does seem to be a gathering place for the ugly. he thought. He patted his briefcase as he walked, inside it, was a neatly coiled piece of rope. "I shan't need this for a while", he thought. It seemed to him as though enough of the ugly had been exterminated.

By this time it was 5.25. He would have to hurry, if he was to make it home for tea on time. He walked up to his street, which is lined with cherry trees now in full blossom. How beautiful they looked. How he loved beautiful things. He walked briskly up the path of number 25, Cherrygrove Avenue, and inserted the key into the large oak door. The door opened without him having to unlock it, "Darling" he called out. There was no reply, only the sound of quickly moving feet, along the hall. He placed his briefcase on the coffee table and called out once again. Soon appeared a figure, it was not his wife, but Mrs Landers from next door. She was quite obviously flustered, and was white as a sheet.

"What ever's the matter?" he asked, He is underworried.

"Ooh sir, your wife. She's been in a terrible accident, just terrible. They had to rush her off in an ambulance, just terrible". He thought to himself, he thought of his beautiful wife, "What sort of accident?" he asked nervously.

"And sir, and all over her lovely face".

He didn't speak. He lifted his hand down and picked up his . . . briefcase! "What hospital?" he asked.

Pauline Gillespie.



Creative Writing

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Christies

SHOP











TUTUING: To 'too"ing,
The aesthetic art of mucking around
when one has no business to be doing so.
(Consise Gillespie Dictionary).

gust Tutuing...









Rain
drops
fall
like
this
from
the
sky
and
they
wet
me.

















TV2·1 TV3·3
TV1·2 Ham·4









We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Dinsdale Hairstylist

Dance -Fest

From my observations in the College Cafeteria and in and around the College Campus, we have lots of 'little piggies'. Sometimes we are 'little piggies' because we are not aware that what we are doing is ill-mannered or we have been taught Etiquette by our Parents or guardians, but we just get carried away when we are with our mates. This not only applies to students, but family, staff and all employees of the School. Every single person at this College, has a precious jewel with a light which should stand as a guide to the rest of the world. Our actions speak louder than our words.

Etiquette covers a wide range of areas. Some of these include eating habits, personal cleanliness, opening the door for the ladies, giving your chair to an older person or wanting to succeed and working at it. Never gossiping, never pulling down your brother or sister, never be negative when your Bishop, leaders or Principal asks you to do something. Always say yes with a smile. Always think before you act, never depend on yourself alone, but look up. Never take something which does not belong to you, never say I have nothing to do, but offer your services to one of your brothers or sisters. Serve others and you will find fulfillment. Always study as hard as you can so we don't steal our parents' money. Overall Etiquette Builds Character and strong spirits, which are honest and willing to be part of all the programmes your Bishop or Principal requires you to be.

What ever you do, tells other people something about you, whether it is good or bad.

Thank God everyday for your blessings of being here at C.C.N.Z. and think of the many who would give their life to take your place.

If you do not, you may lose it and it will be given to someone else. Never avoid work, always seek it.

You might say these things sound hard to do. But all you have to do is to change your thinking. Instead of saying this is slack or this is too hard, or I don't want to help or what a dumb programme, tell yourself everyday that this will be good if we all help together. I will give this programme a chance by participation wholeheartedly. We all have a great power within us to build something up or drag it down.

All of us at the College will always have opposition when we are trying to build our character because Satan knows the Church is True.

Whenever you feel depressed or you want to give up, remember the words: 'Fear not what man can do, but moreover, fear God'. Everything we have is borrowed, even our lives. Don't steal from God by wasting time while we are at College. C.C.N.Z. is basically set up to build character and leaders for the Church in New Zealand. Etiquette forms part of the basis of our character.

The Etiquette Programme this year has been a revelation to me with reference to the support of the students. About 16% of the 5th, 6th and 7th form students have without moaning, groaning and whining tried to participate happily. This means that there is a major bad attitude because the truth hurts. The efforts of this programme was not to accuse everyone, but remind them and help them to be a better example of Jesus Christ.

During the Lecture period and Dinner Activity, Houses will complete for Supremacy points. As well as this, a cup will be presented on a monthly basis to the winning ward and at the end of the year, the ward who received the cup the most number of times, will have a free outing to the movies.

J.A. Beasley





Educational Dinners..











Personalities...











BASKETBALL MARATHON

It was at the Priests and Laurels camp at Finlay Park that Brother Stonely called first Ward into the Lounge and confirmed the many rumours.

"We're going to try to break the world record for non-stop basketball. We've obtained use of last at Kawhia and we're going to raise enough money from sponsorship to begin construction of a den".

The oroject was to prove a difficult and testing one, yet no one doubted even then that they could do it.

Within a few days the ball had started rolling, at first slowed by opposition, but this just increased the determination of each supporter.

The Bishopric gave their full support and were represented on the organizing committee, the community was enlisted and the job of organizing and gaining sponsorship was full being.

The 27th of March rolled around and through the tireless work of a few short weeks all was prepared. The team of 14 young men were fit and mentally and spiritually physical. This was in itself a task well completed, fasting, prayer, living together and a great coach had built bonds of brotherhood, on the foundation laid down by a united Church College.

The game commenced at 8 p.m. on Thursday night with play of a high standard. As the game progressed a pattern of vigorous morning and evening play and slow night and afternoon play was established.

The "Pit Crew" comprised mainly of Laurels and Miamaids and greatly aided by our resident nurses treated injuries, gave reassurance and supported every step of way.

The determination shown throughout the game was tremendous and by 5 p.m. on Saturday, March 30 the record was equalled and then demolished by three hours to set a new world record at 48 hours.

The success was threefold, a record was established a financial goal surpassed and new spiritual heights reached. The spiritual gain was felt fully the following night on the Temple Steps where testimonies were borne and tears flowed freely at a fireside of unmatched spirituality.

To follow were many activities in recognition of a job well done yet none were to compare with the fireside on the Temple steps.

Marathon Basketball









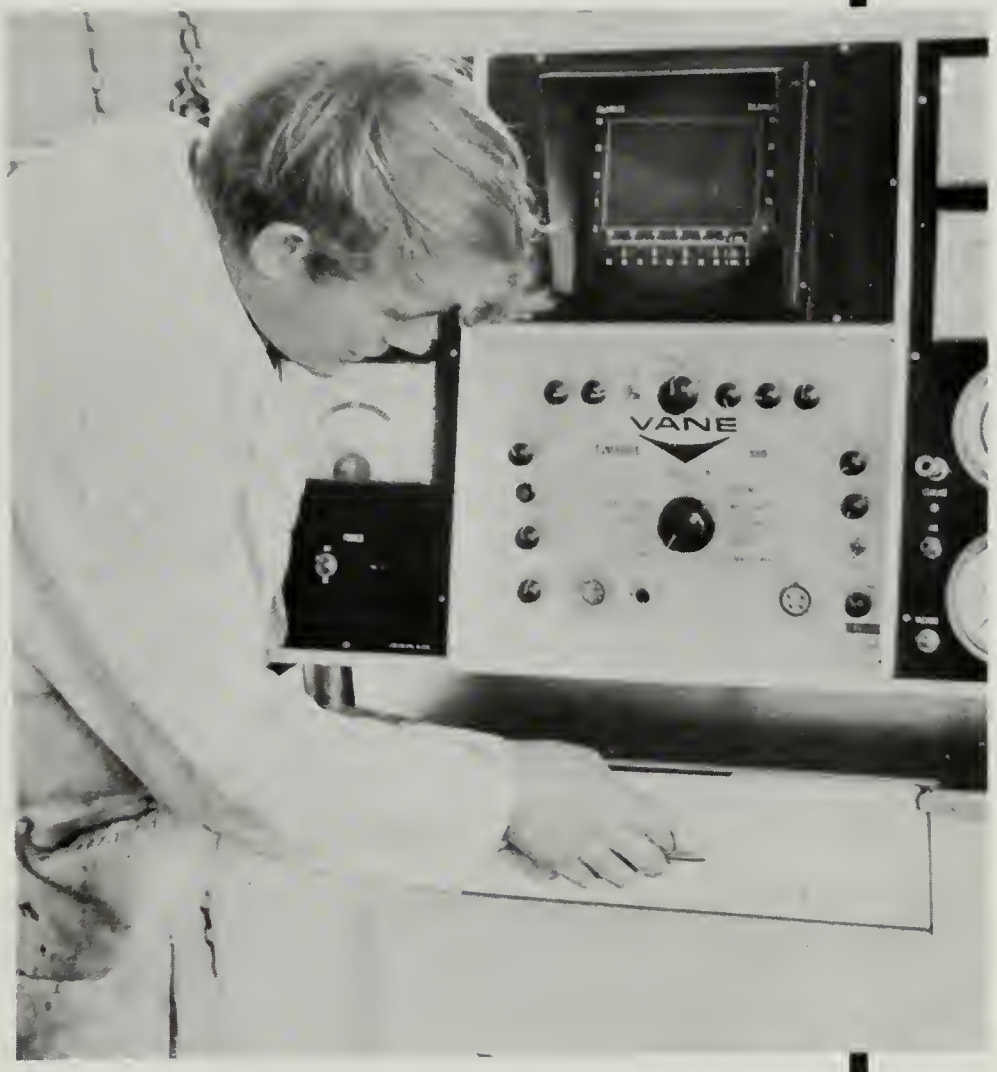












Auto Mechanics











We gratefully acknowledge the
donation of this page by:

Petals Interflora





Well at least they haven't abolished all the 'good ole days'. We gratefully weren't deprived of our 'right' as the reigning peer group, to take off for fun, sun, and excitement . . . and maybe . . . just maybe — a little study, in the fruit-bowl of New Zealand. (I'm afraid we can't vouch for that — our apples were imported especially, so as not to disturb bowel habits, from Temple View's own imported esortment in the cafe) . . . in 'Sunny Hawke's Bay'', which turned out to be 'not' so sunny while we were there anyway.

Monday 3rd March, of us and 5 adults took off, with an unbeknown free loader named Alison, that we were all unaware of . . . We had our own ideas of how to handle Tutira, but as we were to learn, ours was a lot different to the 'gospel according to Frows and Francom'. Just how different was shown in the bottles of sun tan cream, rolls of duty free film unused, but worst of all the movie, Marineland, skating, and mini-golf entry fees weren't used, but we still didn't come back any richer somehow?



Tutu-tira

Settling down to a snooze and sight-seeing wasn't on the agenda, I think maybe even the stop at De Brett's was a mistake — it couldn't possibly have been there just for the fun of it. Instead we were indoctrinated into 'poplar-peeping' and intellectual discussions on the geo-morphism of the areas we passed through, (too show you how bad it got — we were even talking about it when he was out of hearing distance!)

The three days of fun and sun turned out to be a great misunderstanding! We ended up paddling about measuring and catching bug's, in what we were convinced was a direct channel from the South Pole. Not satisfied with blowing our minds on the heart seizure of having to do work, our discreet free-loader soon came on rather indiscreetely as 'Cyclone Alison' of all the holiday company to take out!

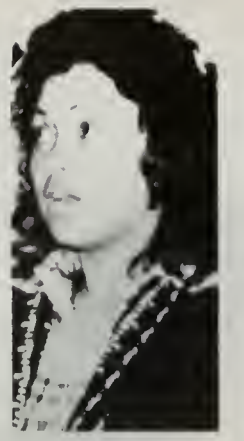
Prepared for the Caribbean, we found out that Cyclone Alison had come with us and was not planning to leave until we did . . . she did exactly that! As a consequence we found ourselves competing for full fledged 'Territorials' survival course, and we weren't spared the practical side either . . . some of us even rose to the occasion garbed in the cabbage-boy greens.

More surprises! The 'a la carte' menu cystalized into luncheon, chow-chow and coloured water exclusive . . . and exclusive it was . . . nothing else was inclusive. Our days varied from life saving Joe — who insisted his buoyant advantages qualified him as depth measurer, (lucky his lips left him afloat) to Lardelli sitting in, and squashing all the little bugs we'd collected, and Ariel and Moira getting lost in the bush 'counting trees'. Collecting mud packs wàs also a favourite of the day, as was bird-watching (note the pun).

Totally discouraged by our plaguesome free-loader, one water sample, mud packs and bugs collected, we decided to leave, which to our curses and heavy breathing seemed to have been Cyclone Alison's plans too.

However, amid all the 'hum's and ha's' Tutira proved to be a great time for us to get to know each other, we even had time to pick blackberries and Sione even tried to get Bursary accredited, aye Thom? Everything turned out great, especially the stop at Gisborne to visit with Lardelli's 'kitchen' (and convenience! in spite of the bad weather and work. Sometimes bio is bearable!



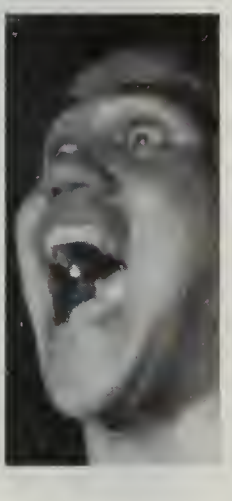
















We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Spencer Drycleaner

Fire Crew





August 9, 1975

Dear John,

I really do appreciate the time, effort and pride which is going into our fire department. As a member of the community it gives me a thrill to see you go zooming by, with your smart yellow outfits and bright shiny engine. However there is one aspect which I think you need to incorporate into your drills – namely the way to discriminate between burning veges and a house fire. I know my cooking is not the best, but it was brought home rather forcefully tonight when I was cleaning up the pot, to see the brigade come to a screeching halt at our back door and one energetic soul came racing into our kitchen with the supposed intent of rescuing a damsel in distress. Needless to say, it was a little unnerving and put me into a deep depression for the next three years. Then he took off with our matches and left. I guess he thought that would be the best way to prevent me from burning the house down in the future. I'm not complaining. I do appreciate the concern but I thought later on, that he could at least have stayed and helped me clean the pot.

-In the future, I promise that I will concertedly try to refrain from letting things burn, in order to save your men the trip to my door. Also, I wouldn't want the neighbours to develop delirium tremors from my proximity. But I do wish that there could be a way to train your men-what-different things smell like when burning. I would even be willing to give free demonstrations (of course I would need to pre-arrange this) in order to give them experience in this area. I'm sure that a burning home smells a little different.

Please keep up the good work and I'm glad that you got the alarm fixed.

A very grateful resident

Mini House







TV2·2
TV1·1
TV3·3
Ham·4







We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:
Clark & Matheson Ltd



"No, Kaylene, you can't take your pants off"







"Oh . . . the aroma . . ."



"C'mon boys, no sleeping on the job."



"Give me that . . ." "No"



We've heard of walking on water, but . . . this is ridiculous.













Assemblies and Visitors







Hone

Robert Hamon

If only I could write poetry like Hone
Not as a scholar but as a literary boilermaker
Not having to worry about such things as
Alliteration, assonance and consonance. Forget them
"You stupid worm, I favor this leg, it's my sore one"
said he.
Oh you funny maori Hone
Ex president of the Te Mahoe local of the New Zealand
Workers' union.

Hone why do you address a tree?
Are you an idiot or a poet?
A poet
I think.

Faculty Assemblies . . . .
Displays of Maori arts and crafts . . .
Doctor Wihongi's introduction . . .
Dorm-parents do their own thing . . .
An assembly to farewell the Oler family.
Sister Oler in the Tahitian group?
The incredible, out of sight, fantastic
Mormon Osmonds . . . . spoke to us.
New Zealand's one and only Hone Tuwhare
recited to us.
Many bored some, thrilled others, and still
our assemblies motivate spiritual growth

We gratefully acknowledge the
donation of this page by:

Bank of New Zealand





Saturday...

The gym (Suliafu and the boys)
Sleep
Basketball
Football
Movies (in town eh Cal)
Wash ya hair
Strip off and bathe in the sun . . .
T.V. . . . eh Ariel.
Go to the lake, like Mac . . .
Study, Mitch . . . Jim K's girl.
Greasies, greasies, greasies . . .
Perve eh!, Cath!
The bushes are occupied.
(Agnes stop studying the bees).
Sleep
Swimming
The Gestapo's on duty, eh Pete.
Adminatrator on duty . . .
. . .Eh! Barns coming
Yearbook . . . . again, click.
Music practice . . . keep at it Rodge.
Dorm duties til' 10 a.m.
Confidence course . . . . turnel . . . .
. . . . oh sorry.
Lovely cafe lunches . . .
Len. W. Green director of extermination!
Week end passes . . . home, and something to do.
Getting to know each oth. oops. nature. oops . . .
Sleep. Zzzzzzzzzzz.
DETENTION . . . . . With Dick! *@!!!**@
Three month's hard labour in Uncle Dick!
C.C.N.Z. penal colony.
Dormbound.
Join the latest vainity class.
Extent one's relationships with the opposite . . .
Sleep . . . Dream
Read latest CLEO.
Tennis with Walt.
Shed the dreary clothes of the week
Dream of the time when . . . . . ????
The Shop!



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Hughes & Jenkins











TRUE PEACE OF MIND

. . . Lost
No-one to turn to
Temperamental because nothing will go right
Not caring
Or scared of the consequences
Being a terror
Feeling so MAD and
fighting
FIGHTING
FIGHTING
Till you're exhausted
And tired
And meerly . . .
asking questions
why?
why?
WHY?
WHY ME?
SOMEBODY HELP ME
PLEASE
I can't take life any more.
SOMEONE . . .
My head.
My mind.
. . . Depression . . .
The tears
Burning my eyes and cheeks
. . . Exhaustion . . .
A prayer you say
Why should I?
School is getting me DOWN.
Maybe I should try a prayer
OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN . . .
No you say,
THEN WHAT sort of prayer?

Come, you say
kneel together
Dear Heavenly father, we thy children,
In humbleness together.
True,
God is,
Peace of mind.













A POEM

I wrap my body in a
breath of warmth, and
cushion it from the troubles
of the day,
A kiss from my pillow,
and the sun holds hands
with the moon for just
one second, while the
whisper in the wind
whishes me goodnight
and I smile;
Sleep comes . . . and you
pad across my mind in
slippers made of dreams.

Gunella Calden.

Dating!!!

DATING

'75 was a year for young couples. This theme was sung of in our Song Fest, dreamed of in our dorms and put into practice in our daily lives.

The classic story of Romeo and Juliet was re-enacted with equal sincerity and passion by many young couples, however, thanks to the Word of Wisdom, no fatal doses of poison were taken and thanks to school rules stabbing oneself was definitely out. Fortunately there are no large cliffs or train lines on campus, so the year ended without fatality and broken hearts were only injuries.

We dedicate this page to all the participants of this activity and our super sneaky cameraman complete with telephoto lens has tried to capture this theme in the accompanying photographs.

May you treasure this page with its memories of childhood sweethearts as you grow old and grey.

Ian Main



"a centre from which radiates the message of truth."



DORM-WARD LIFE

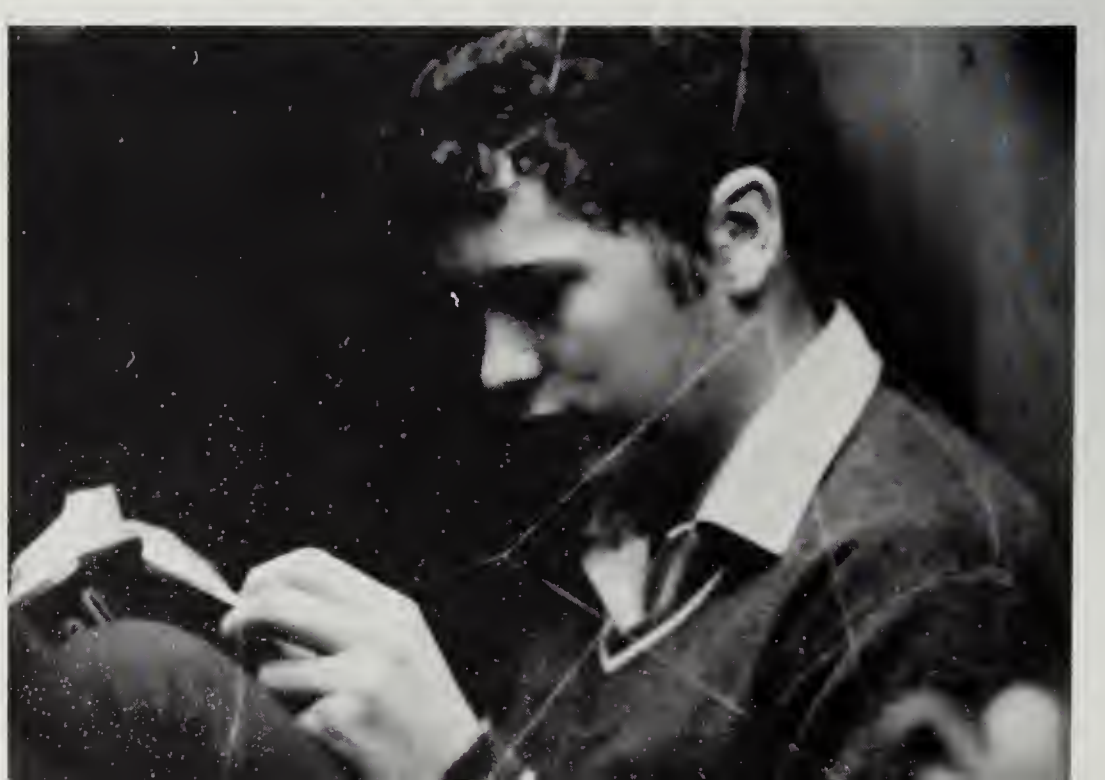


Plucking ya brows . . .
Short sheeting beds.
Listen to music
Clean loo's
Long hot showers.
Scrubbing floors.
Writing letters Eh Sue. I.
Study
Read
Store food.
Day dream
Play basketball in the dorm.
Pillow Fights.
Laundry.
Tidy up the room.
Muck around.
Watch T.V.
Throw girls in the bath.
Slamming doors.
Dance to the radio.
Read the newspaper.
Nuggett!!!
Collect cockroaches.
Nicking others shoes.
Hiding clothes.
Drawing on windows . . .
cleaning them!!!





















A Glimpse Inside...

Putting??? in the beds; icing sugar
salt
water
itchy powder.
corn flakes.
jam
ink and Ajax

Sewing up P.J's.
Watch ya vocab!
Watch ya literature . . .
it goes missing . . .
Sleep some more.
Annoy roommates.
Cut out pictures.
Argue.
Laugh.
Cry.

Talk (wealtha)
Jaw (Boyack)
Watch the mirror (Elva)
Scrap (Oakes)
Music (Wiser)
Think (Audrey)
Meditate.
Fire practices . . .
More music
Play draughts
Cold showers in the mornings.
Walking the mosquito eh Quincey.



Stake Presidency

PRESIDENT:
Herewini W. Katene

1st COUNSELLOR:
Robert Belbin

2nd COUNSELLOR:
Watene W. Tukukino

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BISHOP:
Hani Smiler

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Robert Perriton

2nd COUNSELLOR:
Robert P. Mackey-Rangiuaia



2nd WARD

BISHOP:
TeNaera Tangaroa

1st COUNSELLOR:
Trevor Ferguson

2nd COUNSELLOR:
Doug Williams



3rd WARD

BISHOP:
Brian Hunt

1st COUNSELLOR:
Angus Elkington

2nd COUNSELLOR
Arthur Bedford



Taylor and Cairo Tarawhiti

Taylor 12
Nancey 10
Wayne 9
Jason 6
Sinclair 3



Fred and Cairo Otene
Earle 9
Janie 8



Richard and Freda Marshall

Craig 22
Edwin 18
Robyn 16
Gregory 14
Eric 8



Buchanan and Reiha Denis

Randell 15
Kingi 14
Myra 8



Tai and Mira Paki

Maxwell Te Ao Turoa 14
Tainya Phillip 12
Sharon Te Rautau 9



June Parahi



Colin and Marie Panui
Colin Jnr
Natasha
Troy
Jaraed



William and Patricia Heperi

Angela 15
Vernon 12
Luella 9

Dorm Parents



OAKES

1. Bro. Tarawhiti 2. Sinclair Tarawhiti 3. Jay Jay Tarawhiti 4. Sis. Tarawhiti 5. Nancy Tarawhiti 6. Arthur Neale
7. Steven Wihongi 8. WAyne Mora 9. Keith Wihongi 10. Manuel Riwai 11. Robert Molz 12. Taylor Tarawhiti 13. Clinton Scot
14. David Thompson 15. Thomas Stoneley 16. Barry Hemopo 17. Scott Knight 18. Bertie Purcell 19. Poata Whaikawa
20. Kevin Wihongi 21. Wayne Johnstone 22. Nepia Nikora 23. Teaho Wihongi 24. Quincey Ahmu 25. Howard Williams
26. Grant Mikaere 27. Dallan Dennison 28. Clinton Mahanga 29. Mark Petty 30. Richard Mahanga 31. Anton Elkington
32. Tony McGifford 33. Jai Peace 34. Lavern Clark 35. Leland Ruwhiu 36. Rocky Hill 37. Ian Main 38. Hadyn Edmonds
39. Jimmy Kaka 40. David Kitson



T.V. 1
Oaks



WEALTHA

1. Natalie Edmonds 2. Rowena Kamau 3. Stella Neale 4. Mary Matenga 5. Karen Alexander 6. Leisha Rouche 7. Alieta Purcell 8. Honey Purcell 9. Grace Tuhura 10. Vaya Poutu 11. Fiona Henzler 12. Maureen Daymond 13. Makere Waata 14. Stella Hoetawa 15. Liane Watson 16. Tania Rangihewea 17. Petrina Wihongi 18. Margaret Whaanga 19. Marie McCarthy 20. Karin Lardelli 21. Jacqueline Edmonds 22. Kris Hale 23. Gillian Johnston 24. Joanne Waka 25. Tina Purcell 26. Down Sledge 27. Kura Sagar 28. Cammie Dewes 29. Aroha Anderson 30. Joanne Peters 31. Elizabeth Williams 32. Dianna McLaughan 33. Janey Otene 34. Cairo Otene 35. Bro. Otene 36. Earl Otene



T.V. 1

Wealtha



WISER

1. Peter Ball 2. Evan Hughes 3. Raviri Smith 4. Gregory Marshall 5. Randall Denis 6. Kevin Briggs 7. Raymond Ritchie
8. Douglas Lilley 9. Rodger Ewens 10. Dana Pere 11. William Tooman 12. Denver Anderson 11. John Kehoe 14. Verne Smith
15. Wayne Pihema 16. Thomas Brons 17. John Suliafu 18. Walter Hoete 19. Blane Rakena 20. Hyrum Parata 21. Bruce Sutton
22. Stuart Webb 23. Nephi Prime 24. Jared Pere 25. Carey Kreilen 26. Reed Prows 27. Bro. Dennis 28. Kent Prows
29. Joe Skipps



T.U. 2

Wiser



ELVA

1. Sis. Freda Marshall 2. Kathy Daysch 3. Janet Morton 4. Debra Paewai 5. Karen Bartlet 6. Teena Williams 7. Robyn Blair
8. Heneti Karaitiana 9. Robyn Marshall 10. Suzanne Pinker 11. Debbie Ritchie 12. Kathy Adams 13. Joanne Evans
14. Lisa Floden 15. Gwynette Tukukino 16. Sharon Lilley 17. Pamela Going 18. Cindy Harris 19. Valerie Rouse
20. Linda Williams 21. Isobel Eruiti 22. Sharlene Karu 23. Carmarita Hartog 24. Joy Tonga 25. Sonya Grant
26. Joanne Wilkie 27. Berita Skipps 29. Marama King 30. Debbie Isles (ex-student) 31. Christine Kehoe 32. Polliana Williams
33. April Tibble 34. Debbie Wineera 35. Glennis Going 36. Muriel Keung 37. Leisa Siteine 38. Teryl Pere
39. Daryl Gernhoefer.



T.U. 2 Elva



BOYACK

1. Chris Belbin 2. James Whaanga 3. Peina Smith 4. Peter Johnson 5. Paul Johnson 6. Ariel Metekingi 7. John Whaanga
8. Bruce Shirra 9. Tony Smith 10. Castle Boon 11. Steven Phillips 12. Peter Brower 13. John Subrisky 14. William Wilson
15. Lester Soloai 16. Junior Teinakore 17. David Jud 18. Geoffrey Olsen 19. Harold Elkington 20. Patrick Ormond
21. Tuti Sadler 22. Mark Henderson 23. Lee Elkington 25. Paul Ngawaka 26. Eldon Paki 27. Mervin Tait 28. Alma Wilson
29. Aubrey Ormond 20. Tinirau Solomon 31. Tai Paki 32. Douglas Minhinnick 33. Kua Mikaere 34. Paul Sutton 35. Bro. Paki
36. Max Paki 37. Vernon Heperi 38. Tony Pascoe 39. Harold Pihema 40. Lance Watene.



T.V. 3
Boyack



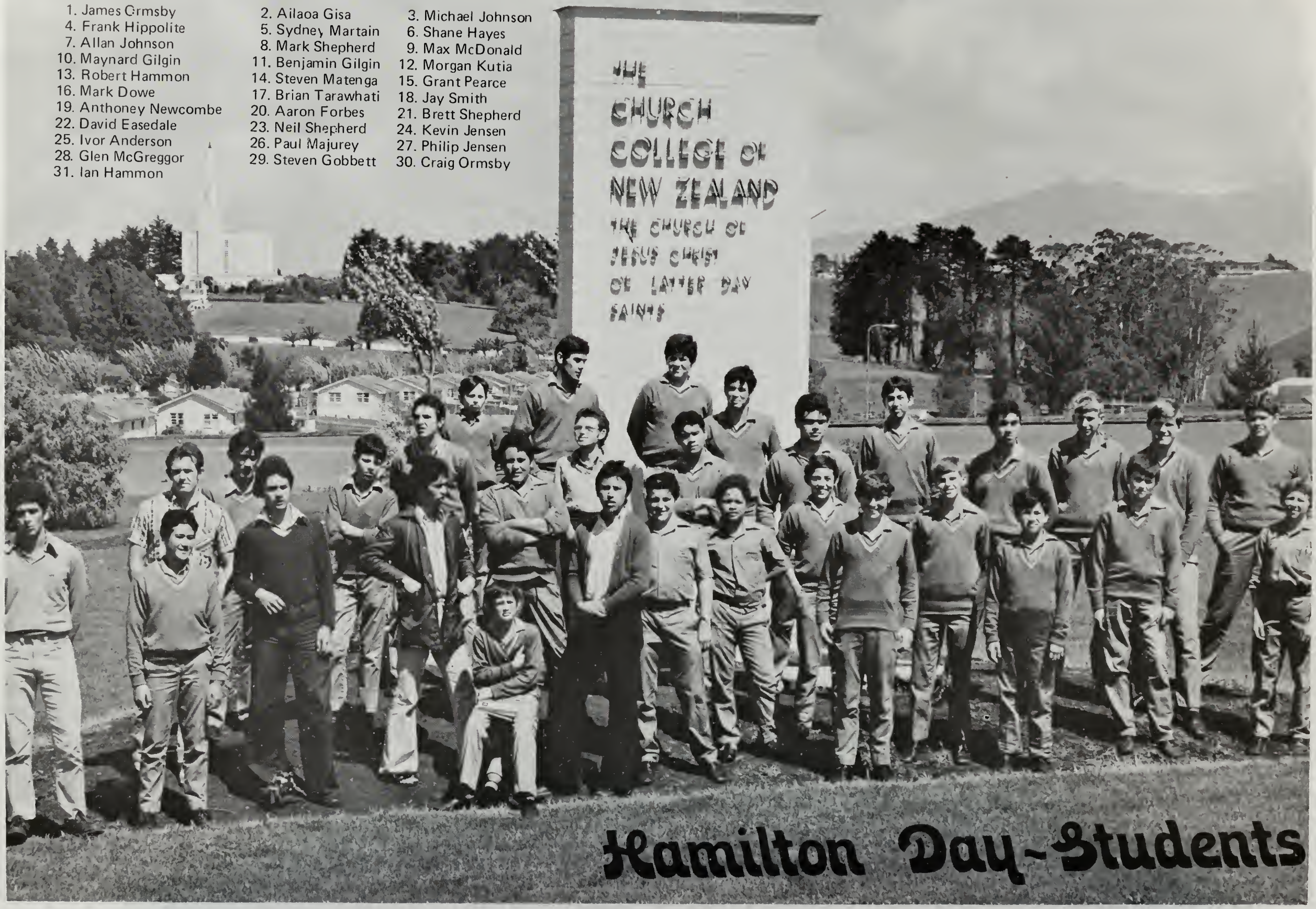
1. Sis Hepri 2. Jackie Waugh 3. Luella Hepri 4. Michelle McGreggor 5. Jessica Metakingi 6. Tina Brons 7. Kaylene Katene 8. Joy Hippolite
9. Ruth Mason 10. Daphne Ormond 11. Michelle Henderson 12. Elanor Ormsby 13. Hoki Elkington 14. Maia Garland. 15. Debbie Weller
16. Erine Elkington 17. Janet Tibble 18. Rosina Ngawaka 19. Tui White 20. Stella Shortland 21. Beth Green 22. Lynda Apouri
24. Marlene Chase 25. Kathy Hay 26. Angela Hepri 27. Marion Chase 28. Tania Wood 29. Tina Bartlett 30. Carol Arapouri
31. Karyn Southern 32. Roberta Taylor 33. Cheryl Olsen 34. Lorne Kydd 35. Trudy Aston 36. Susan Imber 37. Noleen Van't Wout
38. Kym Sharland.





T.V. 3 Audrey

1. James Ormsby
2. Ailaoa Gisa
3. Michael Johnson
4. Frank Hippolite
5. Sydney Martain
6. Shane Hayes
7. Allan Johnson
8. Mark Shepherd
9. Max McDonald
10. Maynard Gilgin
11. Benjamin Gilgin
12. Morgan Kutia
13. Robert Hammon
14. Steven Matenga
15. Grant Pearce
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25. Ivor Anderson
26. Paul Majurey
27. Philip Jensen
28. Glen McGreggor
29. Steven Gobbett
30. Craig Ormsby
31. Ian Hammon



Hamilton Day-Students

1. Debbie Ngaamo
2. Gillian Dallas
3. Terry Hayes
4. Sandra Hayes
5. Sandra Hayes
6. Makere Hikaka
7. Katherine Pere
8. Margaret Turunui
9. Tania Hikaka
10. Katrina Nikora
11. Kay Matenga
12. Mary Anderson
13. Dina Hippolite
14. Kay Kopua
15. Gunella Calder
16. Anne Hester
17. Anita Timu
18. Josanne Pearse
22. Caroline Paul
23. Luana Gray
24. Debbie Smith
25. Kim Sadler
26. Linda Easedale
27. Nicola Hippolite
28. Ana Aronsen
29. Christine Hart
30. Lynette Smith
31. Leoncra Hart
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33. Jean Hayward
34. Moana Warren
35. Kim Fray
36. Sheryl Forbes









WHY OAKES LOVE WEALTHA



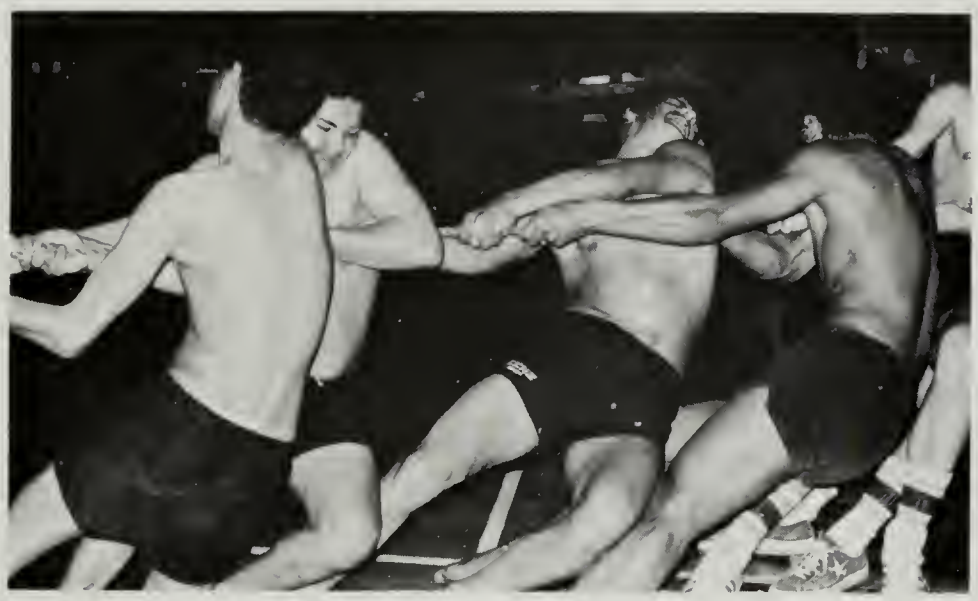


The old kauri beams kreaked and the chair rocked in rhythm, bangir.ɔ lightly on the verandah. November midday sun washed the old homestead bringing a touch of newness to the aged joints.

He sat silently slumped forward, smiling at the distant relics he happily clung to. He was now old and had become a burden on his grown family, his wife had since passed on, and now, he had only memories on which to thrive.

As the waves thomped in on endless beat, only the carved rocks, below the sagging pohutakawa, his mind seemed to seek refuge in an era trapped by a haunting happiness that seemed to radiate from a group of snow white buildings and the people once within.

Songfest 75 the time seemed to echo back in amazing reality.
His eyes ladened and shut.
'Oh boys tomorrow well really get going good, aye, and sing the girls some songs in the morning, right?'
Boys squashed together on all bunks and guitars strumming searching for tunes suitable for the occasion, the spirit of unity reigned.
'We love you Wealtha oh yes we do'
voices good or bad harmonised in a mutual effort.
The cold morning, a wind from Ruhepehu in the distance and singing together, Oakes and Wealtha united.
A smile a slow shuffle and a continuation of the slow rock.
'Poutene Poutene ki teroa rere a'
Jumping quickly in precisioned movements his heart thumped as he chanted out the dorm haka and his hand moved skilfully in a wiri wiri. The girls seated all around cheered as he put in his best egging them on in their athletics, each smiling face was a personality that moulded his life and for every one of them his best only was good enough.
The waves crashed to the shore, the sun warmed and the chair creaked on.
Fourty-five hours, Fourty-five long hours had passed his limbs ached but the urge to accomplish the task pushed invisibly at his back. His mind has only just awake to what was happening around him, he no longer noticed the eternal ping of ball and floor meeting, only the need to go on and the soft hands that massaged him during his hourly breaks, the soft hands and the need for sleep sleep sleep . . . .
The chair no longer rocked, only the waves could be heard and the cool wind stirring amongst the trees. A middle aged woman walked softly on to the verandah, summon'd by the chair's silence. She smiled lovingly at her father and moved towards him softly pulling a blanket over her wrinkled arms. She stooped and picket up a yellow book, itself nearly an antique, and glimpsed at the page it was opened at.
Her eyes darted from one girl to another, each unknown to her, then to the familiar work her father had pronounced so often 'Wealtha'.
May be he had never seen half the girls since, she thought but they had given him something worthwhile, companionship and memories, and each one though almost forgotten, she knew he loved very much. More than she could describe in any word.











GIVEN WITH EVERY LOV 'N' GRATITUDE DAY - -STUDS

















SPORTS



C.C.N.C. 1st XV
Back Row: left to right
L. Keung (Coach), J. Skipps (Manager), M. Henderson, N. Rose, V. Smith, S. Matenga, T. Sadler, M. Johnson, G. Mikaere, J. Kaka, J. Ormsby.

Centre Row:
L. Cleark, B. Purcell, D. Selwyn, M. Katene, S. Keung, J. Whaanga, D. Smiler, H. Smiler (Coach)
Front Row:
W. Mita, L. Ruwhiu, N. Prime, D. Thompson, M. Riwai, M. Kutia.



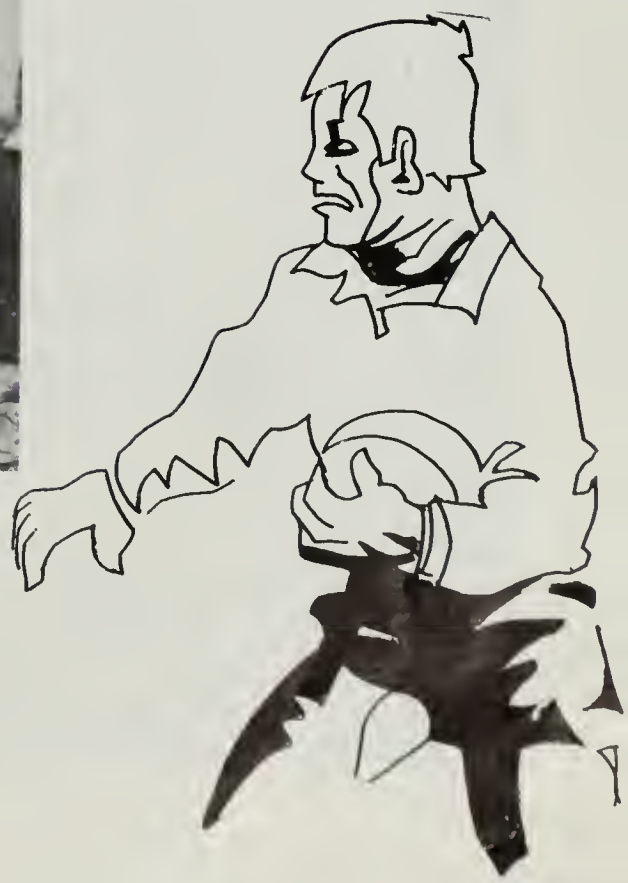








Rugby
1st XV





2 XV

Back Row Left to Right:
R. Perriton (Coach), R. Simpson, S. Martin, V. Smith, W. Katene, T. Dennis, M. Brons, W. Mita, G. Mikaere, B. Dennis
Middle Row:
T. Brons, N. Prime, H. Parata, D. Rangiuaia, H. Pihema, H. Smiler, A. Johnson
Front Row:
M. Higgins, B. Hemopo, J. Robinson, R. Witehira, W. Watene.



3rd XV ID

Back Row (standing) left to right:
Jefferey Olsen, Tevita Pola'apau, Jimmy Kaka, Shane Owen, Lester Soloai, Arthur Neale, Gar Bro. Tai Paki.
Phillip Murphy, Hunior Teinakore, Haydan Edmonds, Scott Knight, Carey Crielen.
Front Row:
Castle Boon, Teahu Wihongi, Eric Tarawhiti.



4th RUGBY

Back Row (standing) left to right:
John Kehoe, Wayne Mora, Robert Mita, Harold Elkington
Peter Komene, Mark Timu, Brent Floden, Oman Abbott,
Butch Horsford

Middle Row (sitting):
Glen Barker, Morgan Horsford, Anton Ellington,
Keith Wihongi, Howard Williams, Randall Dennis
Front Row:
Stuart Webb, Kevin Wihongi, Willie Tooman,
Jimmy Kaka, Max McDonald.

RUGBY 1st XV RESULTS 1975

VS Tokoroa	36 – 12 won
VS Matamata	0 – 20 lost
VS ST John's	27 – 10 won
VS Fairfield	10 – 4 won
VS Boys' High	4 – 6 lost
VS St Paul's	7 – 0 won
VS Fairfield	14 – 3 won
VS Fraser	25 – 0 won
VS Melville	15 – 6 won
VS St Stephen's	6 – 12 lost
VS Cambridge	24 – 7 won
VS Morrinsville	75 – 0 won
VS Lytton High	14 – 15 lost
VS Tologa Bay	40 – 4 won
VS East Coast	6 – 7 lost
VS All Tahiti	80 – 4 won
VS CCNZ Reunion	18 – 16 won

won 13 lost 5

points for – 421

points against – 138

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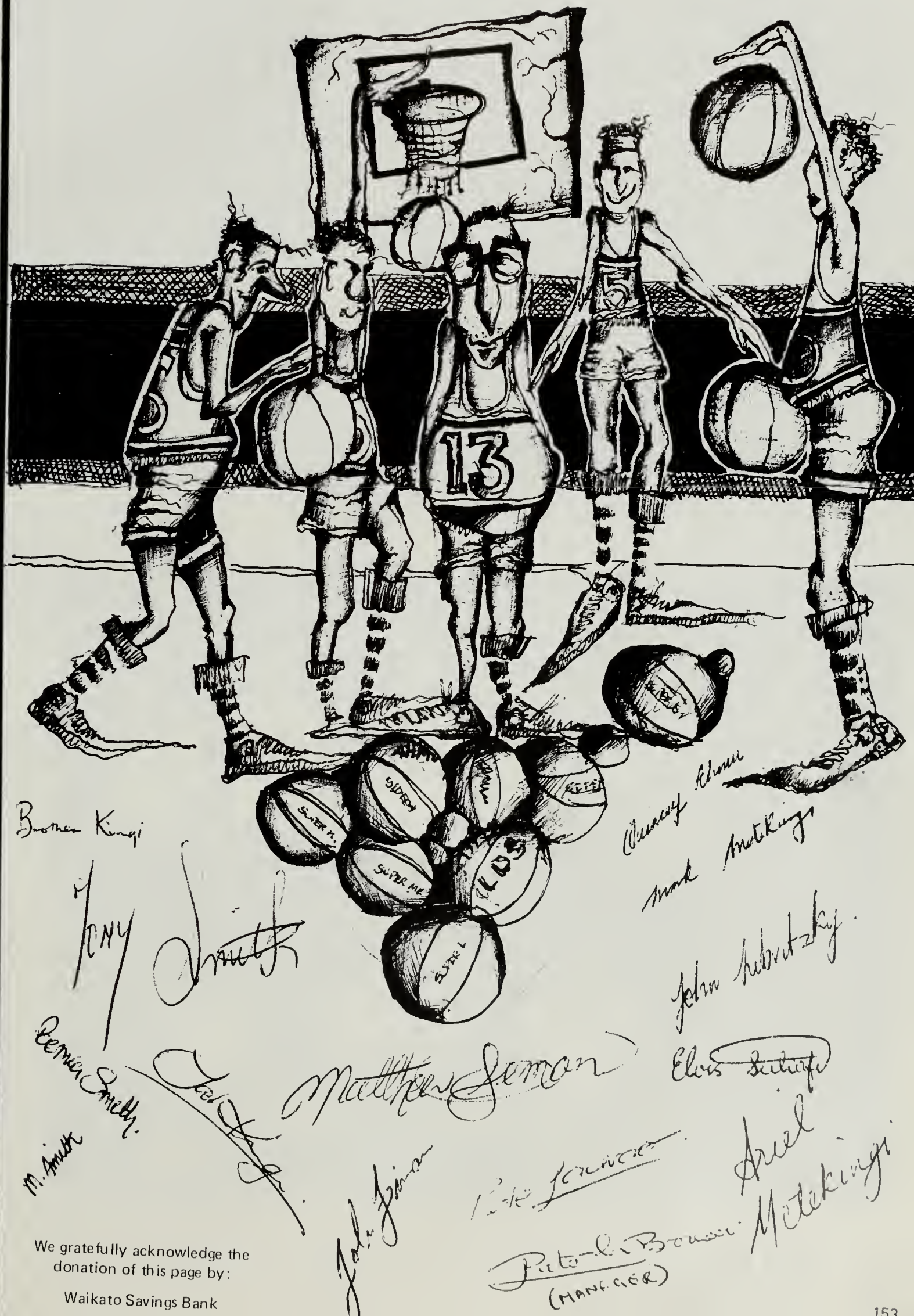
RUGBY 3rd XV

V.S. St Johns	8 – 7 won
V.S. Fairfield	8 – 0 won
V.S. High	7 – 4 won
V.S. St Peters	10 – 10 draw
V.S. Fairfield	12 – 10 won
V.S. Te Awamutu	14 – 6 won
V.S. Morrinsville	26 – 7 won
V.S. Matamata	47 – 0 won
V.S. Cambridge	16 – 9 won
V.S. Hillcrest	19 – 0 won
V.S. St Stephens	10 – 16 lost
V.S. Wesley	7 – 8 lost

Captain	J. Teinakore
Vice Captain	B. Tarawhiti

BOYS AI's:

Back Row left to right:
Bishop Tangaroa (Coach), Tony Smith, Mark Metekingi (Captain), Tony Smith, Tolu Finau, Pieter Brower (Manager).
Matthew Simon, Tahi Kingi. Peina Smith, Elvis Suliafu,
Peter Lauvao, Quincey Ahmu, John Subritzky.



We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Waikato Savings Bank



Back Row (left to right): Ngati Smith (Coach), Minier Teio, Dallin Dennison, Mervyn Tait, Kent Prows (Manager).
Middle Row: James Walker, Bradley Crouch, James Whaanga, Anthony Newcombe.
Front Row: Anaru Paul, Stewart Auld, Reginal Williams.



INDOOR BASKETBALL

Back Row (left to right):
Bro. Liddell (Coach), Kevin Wihongi, Neil Shepherd, Reed Prows, Jefferey Park, Mark Whaanga.
Front Row:
Aaron Forbes, Craig Ormsby, Max Paki.



INDOOR BASKETBALL

Back Row (left to right):
Benjamin Gilgen, Kingi Dennis, Kua Mikaere, Riki Tukukino,
Ra Smith, Bro. Tukukino (Coach)
Front Row:
Dale McCarthy, Paul Ngawaka.

A1's		A2's	
Auck. Grammer	32-26 to Grammer	vs Melville	36-28 won
Auck. Grammer	58-57 to CCNZ	vs Day Students	33-17 won
Otomotau	24-136	vs Fairfield	32-18 won
St John's	67-136	vs Frazer	18-16 won
Western Heights	53-124	vs Excells	52-54 lost
Rotarua Boys'	36-103	vs St John's	32-28 won
Tauranga	33-114	vs St John's	22-28 lost
Wanganui	32-126		
King's College	45-67		
Christchurch	56-55		
Hastings	62-56		
King's College	58-35		

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Discount Supermarket, Dinsdale



JUNIOR A BASKETBALL
Back Row left to right:
Charlotte Ferguson, Trina Brons, Marie McCarthy, Andrea Ormsby (Manager)
Front Row:
Nancy Wilson, Lisa Floden (Captain), Joy Sagar, Sis. Cairo Otene (Coach)



JUNIOR B BASKETBALL
Back Row left to right:
Joanne Peters (Manager), Moana Wihongi (Captain), Jackie Edmonds, Kay Jacobs
Front Row:
Joanne Waka, Patrica Jacobs, Carol Aupouri, Christine Kehoe, Sis. Cairo Otene (Coach)

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

San Remo Fisheries



GIRLS A1 INDOOR TEAM

Back Row (left to right):
Collin Panui (Coach), Michelle McGregor, Makere Hikaka, Mary Solomon, Leisa Siteine, Benita Skippa (Manager)

Front Row:
Arta Witehira, Jessie Metekingi, Polliana Williams, Heneti Karaitiana.



INTERMEDIATE A BASKETBALL
Back Row left to right:
Coach Sis. P. Heperi, Debbie Wineera, Sonya Grant, Penni Kingi, Debbie Ngaamo
Front Row:
Rose Armstrong, Joanne Evans, Grace Tuhura, Kura Sagar, Angela Heperi

We gratefully acknowledge the donation of this page by:

Colin Hayworth



OPEN GRADE BASKETBALL
Back Row left to right:
Sis. Mason, Robyn Marshall, Jessica Purcell, Paula Elkinton, Denise Grace (Captain)
Front Row:
Lianna Watson, Makere Solomon, Sis. Hoki Purcell (Coach) Natalie Edmonds, Tania Rangiheuea



NETBALL
SENIOR COLLEGIATE A TEAM

Back Row left to right:
Kris Hale, Trudy Aston, Gina Kaka, Carolyn
Carolyn Kereama, Carolyn Paul, Stella Hoetawa
Front Row:
Donna Hay, Maia Garland, Petrina Wihongi



INTERMEDIATE A BASKETBALL
Back Row left to right
Katrina Nikora, Grace Tuhura, Sheryl Reti, Kay Matenga (Captain) Josanne Pearse (Manager)
Front Row:
Jillian Dallas, Ruth Mason, Gwenette Tukukino, Sis Desiree Parker (Coach)

Netball

SENIOR A

V.S. Diocesan	
V.S. Fairfield A	9 – 15 lost
V.S. Fairfield B	20 – 28 lost
V.S. Fraser A	15 – 30 lost
V.S. Girls' high A	18 – 16 lost
V.S. Hillcrest A	20 – 30 lost
V.S. Fairfield	18 – 16 won
V.S. Girls' High	11 – 17 lost

INTERMEDIATE A

V.S. Fairfield 4B	21 – 16 won
V.S. Fraser	15 – 5 won
V.S. Girls' High	10 – 20 lost
V.S. Melville A	16 – 17 lost
V.S. Sacred Heart	
V.S. Fairfield 4A	
V.S. Fraser	19 – 20 lost
V.S. Girls' High 4A	21 – 24 lost

NETBALL OPEN GRADE

V.S. Te Rahui	24 – 16 won
V.S. Te Rahui Old Girls	– won by default
V.S. Girls' High Old Girls	22 – 16 won
V.S. Fraser Tech	25 – 25 draw
V.S. Nurses	20 – 14 won
V.S. M.C.C. 11	10 – 14 lost
V.S. Sacred Heart Old Girls	27 – 21 won
V.S. Fraser Tech	25 – 20 won
V.S. Girls' High	34 – 30 lodt
V.S. M.C.C. 11	17 – 14 won

JUNIOR NETBALL B

VS Diocesan C	12 – 10 won
VS Bye	
VS Fairfield 3D	13 – 10 won
VS Girls' High	12 – 12 draw
VS Fraser	31 – 11 won
VS Girls' High	10 – 9 won
VS Sacred Heart	won by default
VS Fairfield	29 – 0 won

JUNIOR A NETBALL RESULTS

VS Fairfield	21 – 16 won
VS Hillcrest	8 – 22 lost
VS Sacred Heart	8 – 23 lost
VS Diocesan 3F	22 – 10 won
VS Fraser	31 – 8 won
VS Cambridge	19 – 9 won
VS Girls' High	28 – 18 won
VS Fairfield	28 – 11 won
VS Fairfield 3A	13 – 11 won



SWIMMING:
Left to right:
Kent Prows, Tina Williams, Gary Barker, Neil Rose, Daryl Ramsden, Peter Ball, Greg Marshall.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Girls Snr:	Gwenda Manuel	40
	Robin Marshall	26
	Pam Rata	12
Girls Int:	Daryl Ramsden	37
	Lani Oler	29
	Penni Kingi	12
Girls Jnr:	L. Hart	25
	K. Watene	24
	J. Oler	24
Boys Snr:	M. Johnston	40
	D. Smiler	17
	G. Barker	14
Boys Int:	A. Rose	34
	G. Barker	30
	K. Prowse	14
Boys Jnr:	R. Prows	40
	C. Marshall	28
	M. McDonald	15



ATHLETICS
Back Row:
Wayne Johnstone, John Subritzky, Neil Rose, Scott Knight, Stephen Matenga, Reed Prows, Kevin Wihongi.
Front Row:
Daryl Ransden, Lisa Floden, Greg Marshall, Clinton Mahanga, Karen Alexander, Maia Garland.

ATHLETICS

Girls Snr:	R. Marshall 35.5
	P. Williams 30
Girls Int:	K. Alexander 30
	M. Garland 27
	S. Reti 20
Girls Jnr:	C. Ferguson 27
	L. Floden 24
	D. Ramsden 17
Boys Snr:	M. Simon 34
	S. Matenga 30
	L. Watene 24
Boys Int:	T. McGifford 21
	K. Wihongi 20
	G. Tenwold 20
	M. Brons 20
	P. Johnson 15
Boys Jnr:	D. Lily 40
	M. Walmsley 37
	C. Mahanga 21.5





KARATE

Peter Ball, Minier Teio, John Higgins, Clinton Scott.



Karate

Tae Kwon Do

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Bells Rentals



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2nd Row:
Michael Walmsley, Andrew Rose, Ray Ritchie, Peter Johnson
Front Row:
Clayton Richter, Bruce Farquher



GIRLS HOCKEY:
Back Row:
Rowena Kamau, Pam Rata. Daryl Gernhoefer, Joane Tarawhiti, Margaret Whaanga, Sis. Tarawhiti (coach)
Glenis Going, Debbie Paewai, Julia Garland, Moira Reperi Valerie Rouse



Temple View Fencing Club
Back Row left to right:
Gaylene Ormsby, Clinton Scott, Beverley Dawbin, Jenny Beasley (Advisor), David Richter, Debbie Park.
Middle Row:
Debbie Richie, Lynda Aupouri, Donna Hay, Matthew Simons, Lorne Kydd, Jackie Waugh.
Front Row:
Jock Maclachlan-Barnes (Coach), Katherine Lipscombe, Raymond Ritchie Jnr, Robyn Marshall, Robert Hale.

Fencing

The Temple View Fencing Club (C.C.N.Z.) is away to a good start again this year with an enthusiastic group which includes Jock Maclachlan-Barnes (coach), Jenny Beasley (school advisor), foundation members Robyn Marshall, Lorne Kydd, Raymond Ritchie, Matthew Simons, George Anderson and a new group of eager novices.

The club trains every Thursday evening from 8 to 10 p.m. at the college gym.

The club was formed in the latter part of 1973 by Jock Barnes. Yvonne Mitchell was the school advisor at that time and gave valuable service and assistance to Jock until the end of 1974.

Visiting coaches who have come to watch the fencers training have been impressed by the rapid learning of the fencers.

The school Principal, Mr L. Oler, was a little apprehensive at first in involving the students in fencing but has found a good measure of responsibility among the participants. This is due partly to the strict and dedicated coach along with the C.C.N.Z. administration.

The club has fared well in competitions right from its inception. Progress was so rapid that after two and a half months Matthew Simons, George Anderson and Robyn Marshall caused quite a stir in the Auckland Secondary Schools novice championships. In the boys' section there was a first and third. Robyn was narrowly beaten in the semi-finals by a girl whom she beat in the preliminaries (which also caused quite a stir). So they returned with the cup after their first time out.

The coach has great expectations for the club this year for school competitions and championship fencing tournaments.



Judo

Haydan Edmonds, Neil Rose, Grant Mikaere, Manuel Riwai, Clinton Scott, Lance Watene.
2nd Row:
Jimmy Kaka, Heneti Karaitiana, Randall Dennis, Keith Wihongi.
Front Row:
Wayne Mora, Stuart Webb.

















Candids





. . . and service .



SERVICES



















LIBRARY



"Just yacking up large"

CONFESSIONS TO A LIBRARY

The Library Has Been Liberated!!! At 8.00 a.m. this morning, twenty of Generalissimo Goldstein's dawn patrol, wearing whita freedom emblems and black yarmulkas, broke through the main hell barricades and occupiad the A.V.A. rooms. In a fierce twenty minute battle, the dasperate librarians resorted to throwing apple cores and staples before retreating in the office to regroup. At 9.00 a.m. the gereralissimo, flushed with victory, presented his demands to Dr Wihongi on behalf of the Library Librerian Army. High on the list were topless library-aides and the transformation of the service desk into a ice-cream bar . . .

In a recent report, the school principal was rumoured to have said, "I often get the feeling that the student body doesn't take this school seriously."

* * *

The library has many interesting objects to offer. Flipping through the pages of an old year book, found on a shalf marked "school itams," a picture from the sixth form activity (Chateau) catches my eye. I can't help wondering why there are no more senior trips. Five years ego, I might have said they had been replaced by student activism, but that too has passed from the scene. "Don't worry," my older sister said when I was sick in bed with mono during the Harliquens trials, "there'll be time enough for all that when you get into college." But here it is my senior year, and I am asking the same question evaryone else has bean asking these past four years: 'What ever took the place of all that'?" Well, anyhow, I'm graduating early.

* * *

College no longer represents a portion of our lives. It represents a road which they must travel through to get to bigger things. The students seem like passengers on a long, dull bus ride. "Only one year to go"; "I can't wait till we're out of here." Watching idly from the Library window, I can't help faeling thet only our destinations have real importance.

* * *

And so, my old friend Library, there ara only a faw weeks left, and I bequeath my confession to your autobiographical annals. I'm glad I'm graduating early. At times the College experiance seemed like three years of bustling through the halls. I never found it alienating, I rarely found it boring, but I often found it irrelevant. It seems as though so meny of thosa extracurricular activities were phonies. I admit it, old Library, I spent thrae years developing only myself, committed to nothing but myself. But is that such a crime for someona with so much future spread before him? And, after all, dear Library, was I any different from anyone else?

* * *

A friend and I spent the afternoon in the library, mulling over sciance and math requirements, which give us U.E. standing . . . Do you realize," he said suddanly, "that if wa took summer courses, we could ba out of college at nineteen!"
A curious thought just occurrad tc me. With a little bit of luck, we could place out of life.





Ad-Min





THINKING

Sitting
thinking

Thinking
nothing.

Denise Grace.





Health Centre







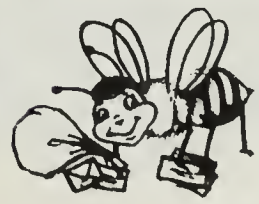














Mail, Clothes & food!!









WORK 6 a.m.

The roosters outstretching hand
Lightly touches my arm,
Heavy mist on my lids
And the cold covers my hand,
The boots out from the fridge
And the door lays open.

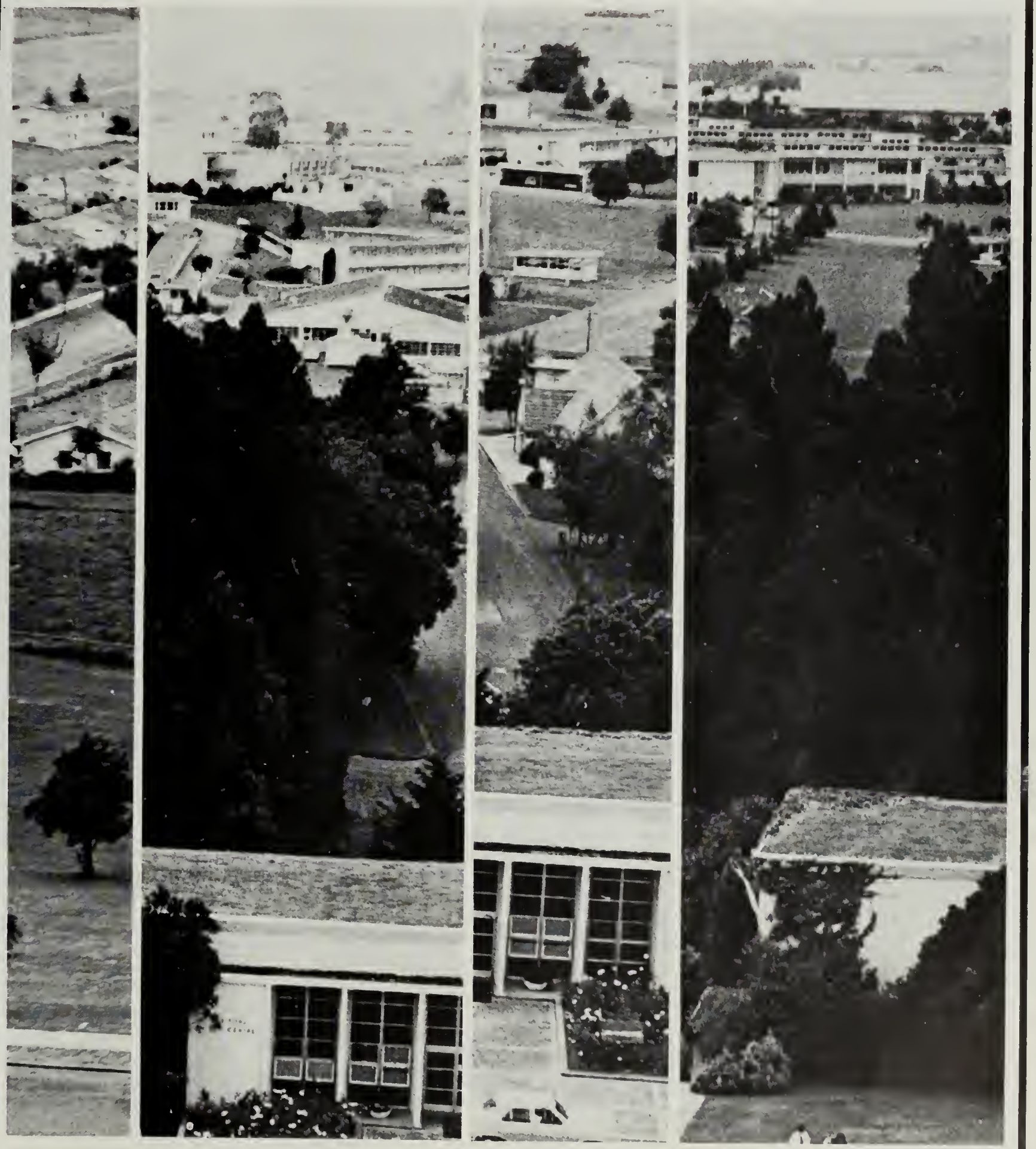
The tractors call out
The leaves bag to ride,
The drains delight in water
And the spade shriek to stop.
But the 6 a.m. Admin mids on.

Now for work.

C. Scott







This is the place...

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